

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

No. 253.—VOL. X.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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MISS ORRIDGE.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
On Boxing night will be produced the Grand Comic Christmas Annual, written by E. L. Blanchard, entitled CINDERELLA, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will appear. New and Magnificent Scenery by William Beverley. Double Harlequinade. Box office open ten till five daily. Prices as usual. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling; Treasurer, Mr. James Guiver.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

THE CRISIS, a new comedy in 4 acts, adapted by James Albery from Augier's LES FOURCHAMBAULT, the greatest success of the past Paris season. Characters by Mrs. John Wood, Misses Fastlake, Lucy Buckstone, and Miss Louisa Moodie. Messrs. Howe, Kelly, D. Fisher, jun.; Weathersby, Fielder, and W. Terriss; every evening and Saturday morning, December 7th, at 2.30.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE. Sole Pro-

prietor, Mr. Benjamin Webster. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Evening at 7.45, PROOF. Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, L. Lablache, C. Harcourt, J. Johnstone, and E. J. George. Mesdames Bandmann, A. Stirling, Billington, D. Drummond, Clara Jecks, Kate Barry, and Bella Pateman. Preceded by, at 7, SARAH'S YOUNG MAN. Messrs. E. J. George, F. Moreland, Waring, Mesdames Clara Jecks, J. Coveney, and Bentley. To conclude with SHRIMPS FOR TWO.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH
Every Evening at 7.45, New Romantic Drama, entitled NUMBER TWENTY; or, the Bastille of Calvados, by James Albery and Joseph Hutton. Preceded by FAMILY JARS, at 7. Notice.—On Boxing Night, Charles Reade's IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.
Until Friday, Dec. 13, inclusive, at 7, OUR CLUB. Messrs. Marius, Harry Cox, H. J. Turner, F. Wyatt, and W. H. Vernon; Mesdames Lottie Venne, M. Jones, and Ada Swanborough. At 9.15, NEMESIS, Messrs. Loredan, H. Cox, Marius; Mesdames Violet Cameron, L. Venne, &c. Saturday, Dec. 14, New Musical Extravaganza, with gorgeous scenery. Music by Fitz-Gerald.

OLYMPIC.—THE TWO ORPHANS.—

EVERY EVENING, at 7.30.—MORNING PERFORMANCE OF A REPUBLICAN MARRIAGE, SATURDAY NEXT (Dec. 7), at Two o'clock. Box Office open daily from Eleven to Five. No booking fees.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Special Announcement.

CHRISTMAS SEASON, 1878-9.
Mr. Henderson has much pleasure in announcing that he has made arrangements for a season of MORNING PERFORMANCES OF GRAND JUVENILE ITALIAN OPERA at the Globe Theatre; commencing on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, December 21st, 1878, and continuing every week day thereafter until further notice.

In addition to the Operatic Performances, a series of GRAND PANTOMIMIC BALLET will be given by the Corps de Ballet, supported by 8 Prime Ballerine and 6 Mimi (with ages ranging from 9 to 15). Director (for the Troupe), Sig. A. Benaglia. The performances will commence every afternoon at Two o'clock, finishing at Five. HOLIDAY PRICES, Children half-price to Dress Circle and Stalls. The detailed opening programme will be shortly issued.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—1256th

Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (1256th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Thorne, Flockton, Garthorne, Naylor, Bradbury, and James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.
N.B.—Morning Performance of OUR BOYS, Saturday next, December 14th.

OPERA COMIQUE.—

Manager, Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.
Every Evening, at 8.30, H.M.S. PINAFORE; or, The Lass That Loved a Sailor; an original nautical Comic Opera by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Mesdames E. Howson, Everard, E. Cross, J. Bond; Messrs. G. Power, Temple, Barrington, Clifton, Dymott, and George Grossmith, jun. At 7.45, CUPS AND SAUCERS. At 10.30, Mr. George Grossmith in BEAUTIES ON THE BEACH.—Stage Manager, Mr. J. H. Jarvis. Morning Performance every Saturday until further notice of H.M.S. PINAFORE at 3 o'clock; CUPS AND SAUCERS at 2.30.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
LAST 18 NIGHTS.
LAST 15 NIGHTS.
OF THE PINK DOMINOS.
THE PINK DOMINOS.

Every Evening, for the last times, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT. Sampson Burr, Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Charles Wyndham, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris, Francis; Mesdames Fanny Josephs, Duncan, Norwood, M. Davis, E. Bruce. Saturday, 28th December, production of a New Comedy in three acts, entitled LEMONS. Full particulars will be announced shortly.—Acting-Manager, Mr. H. J. Fitchins.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Sole Manager and Proprietor, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
Immense success of the New Programme. At 7.15, A HUSBAND IN COITON WOOL. At 7.45, the comedy drama RETIRING. At 9.30, Gilbert's celebrated comedy, THE WEDDING MARCH. Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, W. J. Hill, J. G. Grahame, C. Steyne, and the entire strength of the Company. Seats can be secured in advance. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—This Evening

(Saturday) and every evening at 7.30, Revival of LA MARJOLAINE, which was withdrawn in the height of its success in consequence of Miss Kate Santley's previously arranged Provincial tour. MISS KATE SANTLEY in her original character of La Marjolaine, and as Little Adrienne in OVERPROOF, assisted by Messrs. W. H. Fisher, C. Groves, F. Leslie, and G. W. Anson (specially engaged); Mesdames Harriet Coveney, Rose Roberts, Parker, Lavis, and Minnie Marshall.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.
Every Evening at 7 (Thursday excepted) TALK OF TWO CITIES. Messrs. James, F. Dobell, Syms, Nicholls, Parker, Gillett. Mesdames Verner, Victor, Denvil. To conclude with THE WOMAN IN RED. On Thursday, OLD JOE AND YOUNG JOE, THE LITTLE TREASURE, HAND AND GLOVE. THE GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME will be produced on Christmas Eve, Tuesday, December 24th.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening at 6.45, DAY AFTER THE WEDDING. Mr. J. B. Howe, Miss Bellair. Entertainments by LEVANTINE, Gale, St. John, and Celia Dwight, Messrs. Pitric and Fish. Followed by WEALTH. Mrs. S. Lane, Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Drayton, Reeve, Pitt; Mdles. Henderson, Pettifer, Newham. Concluding with THE RENDEZVOUS. Messrs. Bigwood, Towers; Mdles. Adams, Summers, Rayner. WEDNESDAY, commencing with THE STRANGER.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—

LA PERICHOLE, by Offenbach. Mdles. Emily Soldene, Clara Vesey, and Granville; Messrs. Knight Aston, L. Kelleher, F. Hall, J. Wallace, Aynsley Cook. Grand Ballet LES SAISONS. Music by Verdi, and Spanish Ballet, LA SEVELIANA. Music by M. Jacobi. Mdles. Pertoldi, Rosa, Bartoletti, Gilbert, and Corps de Ballet. Opera at 8.10, Ballet at 9.30 and 10.15 every evening. Last Two Weeks.

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The Grand Pantomime, DICK WHITTINGTON, for first time, SATURDAY, 21st. The Girards, Pongo Redivivus, and the Rowellas specially engaged. Mr. Emden's Scenery. Mr. Lauri's Ballet.

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS, ST.

JAMES'S HALL, SATURDAY next, Dec. 14, at 8 o'clock. Fifth Concert. Artists: Madame Lemmens-Sherington, Miss Marian Williams, and Mrs. Osgood, Madame Patey, and Miss Orridge; Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Hollings, Mr. Ludwig, and Signor Federici. Pianoforte, Madame Montigny-Remaury; Cornet, Mr. Howard Reynolds. Conductor, Mr. W. Ganz. Sofa stalls, 6s.; Family tickets, to admit four, 21s.; Reserved Area, 3s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at the usual agents, and Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

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MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Present Tour

will TERMINATE on Saturday, December 14th, at the THEATRE ROYAL, CORK, and (after a month's rest) will RE-COM-MENCE in Scotland, on MONDAY, January 20th, 1879.—Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

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Next week's ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will be the CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER, with which is included a copy, IN COLOURS, from a painting by HENRY PICOU, entitled—

"FOLLOW MY LEADER!"

Amongst the engravings from original paintings executed expressly for this number by artists of the highest eminence will be the following:—

THE TWO POACHERS. By E. Wagner.

CHRISTMAS REMEMBRANCES. By Ellen Conolly.

THE RIVALS. By G. A. Holmes (painter of "Can't you Talk").

A MERRY OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOM. By W. Weekes.

A MEMORABLE BREAKFAST. By Knesing.

CORSELETS AND KISSES. By A. Lady.

BRUIN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER. By A. B. Frost.

TIDY FOR CHRISTMAS. By Q. G. E.

"FOLLOW ME." By J. Sturgess.

HIS FIRST BLADE. By A. L.

RESTORED TO LIFE. By F. Dadd.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND THE GOAT. By J. Jellicoe.

A GARDEN PARTY. By Dower Wilson.

A MEETING. By P. Petherick.

The Literary contents will be as follows:—

The Loving Cup. A Poem. By "Amphion."

Told in the Saddle Room. By Willmott Dixon.

The Netherstowe Mystery: A Ghost Story. By Mrs. S. R. Townhend Mayer.

Jeanne La Tricoteuse. By B. Montgomerie Ranking.

Nobody's Cat: A Moral Tale. By "Our Captious Critic."

The Magic Handkerchief: A Border Ballad. By Joseph Mackay.

Why Maud Gabriel Left the Stage. By Major Arthur Griffiths.

The Dormer Girls. By William H. Garrett.

Stop Thief. By E. Frost.

A Question of Life or Death. By F. Scarlett Potter.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE following anecdote goes to prove that the balloon may after all be the vehicle of the future:—"Captain Templar wished the other day to induce a friend to take a balloon trip. 'Can't,' was the response, 'I'm engaged to dinner to-night.' 'Where?' the Captain asked. 'His friend told him. 'Then I'll engage to take you there in the balloon.' And he was as good as his word. By testing the currents, using pilot balloons, throwing out pieces of paper, and sending the balloon up and down to catch the favourable winds, Captain Templar brought himself over the very street where the house was situated. Then letting the balloon fall gently on a piece of waste ground near, he assisted his friend to alight, and saying, 'Now, you run to your dinner,' threw out ballast, and in a second was in the upper air again." Captain Templar, by the way, supports Commander Cheyne's theory that the North Pole may be reached by balloons. Possibly these gentlemen may be correct in their surmise, but I doubt whether either of them would care personally to make the experiment.

THAT extraordinary case of mistaken identity at Chester the other day, when the body of a youth who had committed suicide was identified as two wholly different persons, reminds me of a curious incident which happened to a friend of mine in the Crimean War. He was going down to the trenches one evening when he met a party of soldiers bearing the corpse of an officer who had been killed the previous evening in repulsing a sortie. My friend stopped the party, and, on inquiring, found that they were not aware who the officer was. He looked at the face, and at once recognised it as a personal friend of his own in the Artillery. He accordingly gave orders to the men to take the body to his friend's quarters. On his return from the trenches, as he was sitting in his hut, the door suddenly opened, and before him stood his dead friend, to all appearance alive and well. He stared aghast, and the apparition, after a hearty laugh, exclaimed, "What the devil do you mean by sending my corpse to my quarters, eh? Why, I could not persuade the fellows that the body was not mine; they insisted upon it that you had identified it as me, and that it must be me." But in due course the explanation was made, and it turned out that the body was that of an officer in the Engineers, who bore a most extraordinary resemblance to the Artillery officer. I have often wondered whether any of the Engineer officer's friends ever came across the living double of their dead comrade and fancied that they had seen a ghost. Such a thing might well have happened.

THIS is the latest story that is being told of Mr. Sothorn's "playful eccentricity." He objects to his dog forming new acquaintances, so he fastens two very sharp needles to his nose, leaving the ends projecting about an inch. When a strange dog rushes up to "shake noses" with him he gets a thrust that sends him off howling, and the effect is such that Mr. Sothorn's dog can't get within gunshot of any other that knows how the trick works.

GENERAL sympathy is expressed and felt with poor Serjeant Ballantine over that most unfortunate and inopportune seizure in Court. There are cruel people who suggest that the Serjeant is not so very anxious after all for the coming duel between himself and Mr. Labouchere. I should be very sorry indeed to miss the clever fencing between the two. They are well matched, but I think I should back Mr. Labouchere for choice.

By the way, I think it was decidedly bad taste (to use no stronger term) on the part of Sir Alexander Cockburn to try the case. The Lord Chief Justice has been most bitterly attacked in *Truth*, and there is known to be strong personal animosity between himself and the defendant. In common decency, I think, therefore, he should have declined to try the case. It is absurd to suppose that he can purge his mind of all bias. I don't say that he will not charge the jury impartially, but he may be sure that words innocent enough, perhaps, in themselves will be fastened upon by the suspicious, and invested with a significance which will bear hardly upon the judge's reputation.

I OVERHEARD the following scrap of dialogue the other day in the lobby of a certain theatre between a young dramatic author and a veteran burlesque writer, who has now become a critic, but certainly not for the reason alleged in "Lothair," for his success as a dramatic

author has been conspicuous. *Young Dramatic Author* (nervously): "Well, now, candidly, what do you think of my piece?" *Veteran Burlesque Writer*: "Humph! you know I—" *Y. D. A.* (interrupting): "Ah! you think it wants cutting down—yes, I admit that." *V. B. W.*: "On the contrary, my dear fellow, I think it wants *cutting up*!"

MR. SPURGEON is no doubt a licensed jester, and when he assumes the cap and bells I suppose one should not expect him to be serious. But I really must protest against the sentiment expressed in a recent utterance of his:—"When I am marrying young couples," said Mr. Spurgeon, "I generally tell the young lady to let her husband be the head, for that is according to Scripture and to nature; but I always advise her to be the neck, to twist him round which way she likes." Now I ask whether such advice is not perilous to the domestic happiness of every young husband, and whether the giver of such advice should not be prosecuted forthwith in the court of Hymen?

THE *Illinois Sporting and Dramatic News* is a journal of whose existence I was not aware until I saw it quoted in the *Court Journal* last week. Glancing over the quotation, I found that it was a Circular Note which appeared in these columns some two months ago. The *Illinois Sporting and Dramatic News* is, therefore, I take it, the latest thing out in Yankee piracy.

ANY bachelor who is desirous of marrying a "blue," may gather from the following what is in store for him. It is an extract from the diary of a young lady now studying at Girton College, Cambridge:—"My work this winter has been chiefly reading Greek and Latin literature and doing prose composition. I do not intend to attempt verse. The set subjects for '80 are the first book of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, Plato's *Phædo* and *Philebus*, and Cicero's *Academica*. I have already read the *Phædo* very carefully, but I must of course review it thoroughly. I have been lately reading the *Academica*, and more unsatisfactory stuff it was never my misfortune to have to deal with. In the first place, Latin, with all Cicero's command over it, is miserably inadequate for philosophical purposes; and in the second place, Cicero's own ideas are decidedly mixed and his information often incorrect; at least, that is the opinion of wiser heads than mine, and to me it seems so. I have not yet taken up the *Aristotle*, but I expect to find that *tough*. I have been reading a little ancient philosophy. I have returned to Schwegler for a general text-book, and I have come to the conclusion that it was the fault of his subject that I found him such a pill on German philosophy last year, for anything more clear and concise I never saw than his outline of the systems of ancient philosophy.

Apropos of Girton College, I am told that one of the students there, on being asked by a friend the reason for the sudden breaking off of her engagement with a young Oxford fellow, answered, "I can only say that his views on the theosophic doctrine of cosmogony are loose, and you must at once understand how impossible it is for any true woman to risk her happiness on such a person."

A CORRESPONDENT sends me the following:—"The district around Lloyd's-square, in West London, is very much mystified. A number of ladies have suddenly appeared in the lodging-houses there, who assume the womanly virtues of dumbness. They rise early, long before the sun, and go out into the dark, cold street, saying no word to any mortal soul. They return immediately after nine at night; do not even ask for a candle, but expect it to be given to them, and then pass without so much as a 'thank you,' but with a sad smile and a dignified bow, to their rooms. They are devout Protestants, 'doing a retreat' at the home of Nazareth occupied by the Sisters of Bethany. Most of them, it is given out, are ladies of wealth and position, some of them ladies of title. Early in the morning, precisely at the hour of six, they meet to do their devotions under the direction of the holy Ritualist Fathers who have been appointed for the service. Every moment of the day has its devotional occupation. The food is of the plainest. Talking is hardly tolerated. For nearly fifteen hours they are at prayers or at meditations. They should, properly speaking, not leave the Home. But the Sisters of Bethany cannot put them all up. So these ladies in retreat set forth every evening in mysterious silence to the neighbouring lodging-houses, holding no communication with man or woman, neither asking nor answering questions, passing as if absorbed from their devotions to their bed, and from their bed to their devotions."

"TALKING is hardly tolerated!" They must indeed be enthusiasts who could thus forego a woman's greatest pleasure in life. Are they animated by an earnest desire to give the lie to that cruel misogynist who maintained that there were no women in heaven, because it is distinctly stated in Scripture that on a certain occasion, "there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

IT is becoming the fashion apparently for persons in all conditions of life to express their opinions of the conduct of those from whom they differ with exceeding force and bluntness. Mr. Ruskin called Mr. Whistler a "coxcomb"; Mr. Labouchere called Mr. Wybrow Robertson by every opprobrious epithet which even his copious vocabulary could supply. Following the prevailing fashion, the Reverend Baillie Wallace, Rector of Moresby, has just expressed, with more force than politeness, his opinion of the Whitehaven Board of Guardians. He wrote those gentlemen a letter, in which he informed them that they "afforded a striking corroboration of Mr. Darwin's theory as to the descent of man, that they invariably turned the board-room into a monkey-house for the nonce, and never dissolved a meeting without reproducing in an effective *tableau vivant* the frolicsome gambols of

their distant relatives—the hirsute and quadrumanous denizens of the tropical forests." The Guardians mildly hinted to the reverend gentleman in reply that his "epistle was not such an one as they found written by St. Paul," which withering piece of sarcasm must, I fancy, have completely crushed the Rev. Baillie Wallace.

ROUND ROBIN.

COVERTSIDE GOSSIP.

THE *World* says that some of the Empress of Austria's stud have already arrived in Ireland, and are located at Newtown, near Dunboyne, where the late Mr. Wardell kept his thoroughbred breeding stock. Her Majesty will probably hunt with the Ward Union staghounds, as well as with the Meath foxhounds. Both packs have shown capital sport already this season, and the fortnight's frost, which has been almost unintermittent, has done hunting men (women) yeoman's service in clearing the hedges of the overgrowth of grass and weeds, and making the small open drains and cuttings in the pastures visible to the eyes of horse and rider.

A correspondent sends me the following account of some remarkable sport with Lord Middleton's hounds:—"Owing to floods and storms having recently disarranged some of the fixtures of this pack, a 'by-day' was named for this week, and the sport which resulted proved the most exciting of the season. The meet was at North Grimston, and near the little cover on the farm of Mr. Midgeley was found a fox napping in a field. Learning of the presence of his visitors, reynard soon took to his heels, and went off at a spanking pace in the direction of Settrington. The merry little pack were soon after him, but the 'red varmint' having got a little start, tried to make good use of it and deceive his pursuers. Passing the residence of the Rev. F. Wilkinson, curate of Settrington, reynard had evidently noticed the servant girl opening the door just at the time, for in he bolted, and made for one of the bedrooms. A moment or two more, and the eager pack were besieging the doors of his reverend's residence. Of course, they were denied admittance. The doors were closed, but one or two gentlemen dismounted, and joined in the hunt. Reynard was captured—drawn ignominiously forth from his hiding-place, and met his fate. A move was then made for the classic ground of Langton Wold, where another fox was found 'at home,' and he afforded a run of about thirty-five minutes before finally giving the hounds the slip. Auburn Hill, Malton, the estate of the veteran sportsman, Mr. William P'Anson, was next tried blank; but on going to Welham Park any number of foxes were found, four or five being sprung during the visit. One was hit off from the Low Covert, and led the way to the hills, past the Grove Covert, over to Whitewall House, and he was headed somewhere near Tom Chaloner's, which led him to return to his doom, as he was soon afterwards pulled down near Harper's Springs, and in full view of a passing train on the York and Scarborough line, the passengers in which joined in his requiem. Sutton House Covert was afterwards tried blank, on which Blakeborough drew off the gallant pack, well satisfied with the day's result."

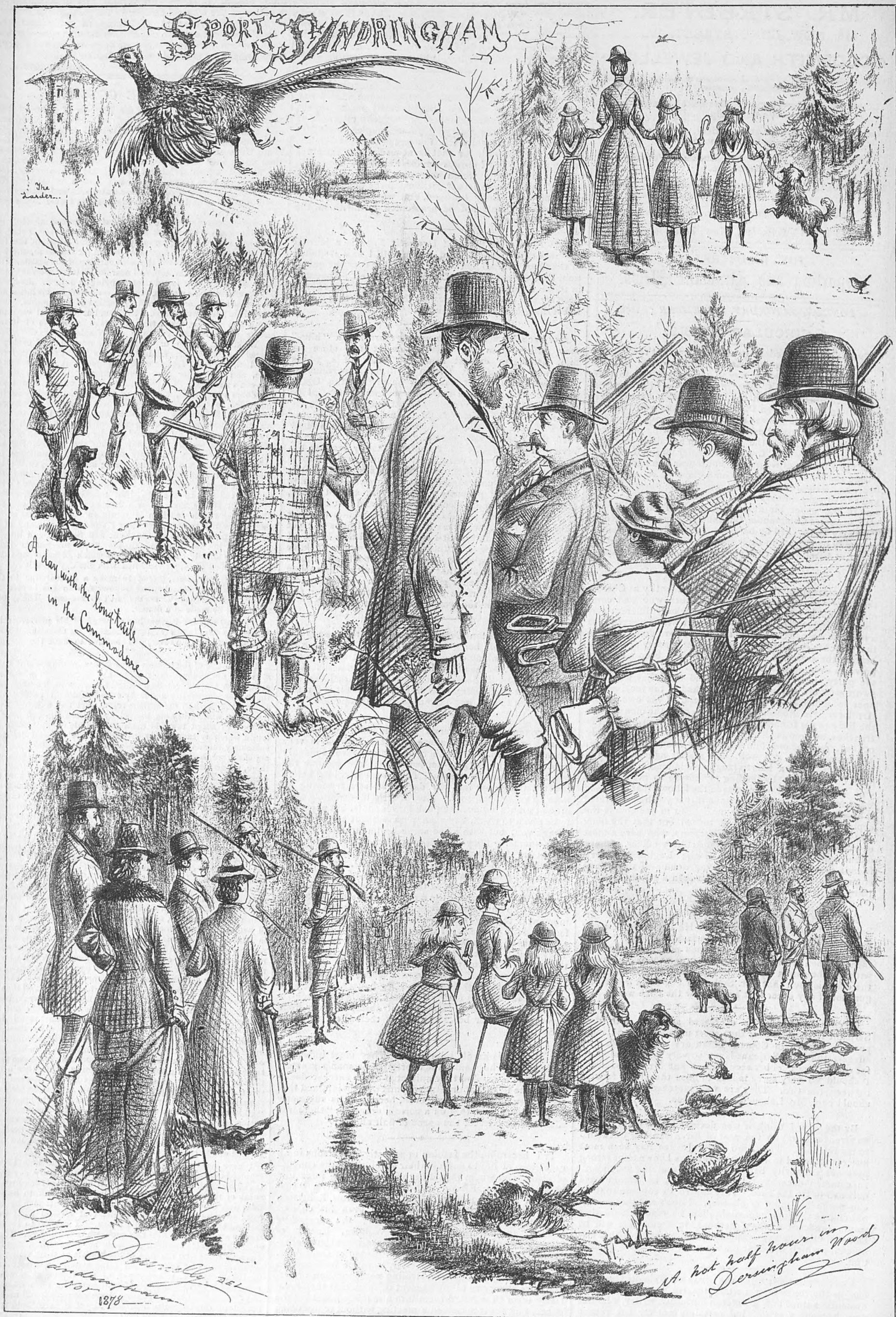
The Ledbury, I hear, intend to make a presentation to their popular Master, Mr. Andrew Knowles, who has hunted the county with so much success the last two seasons. The presentation will be made at a dinner.

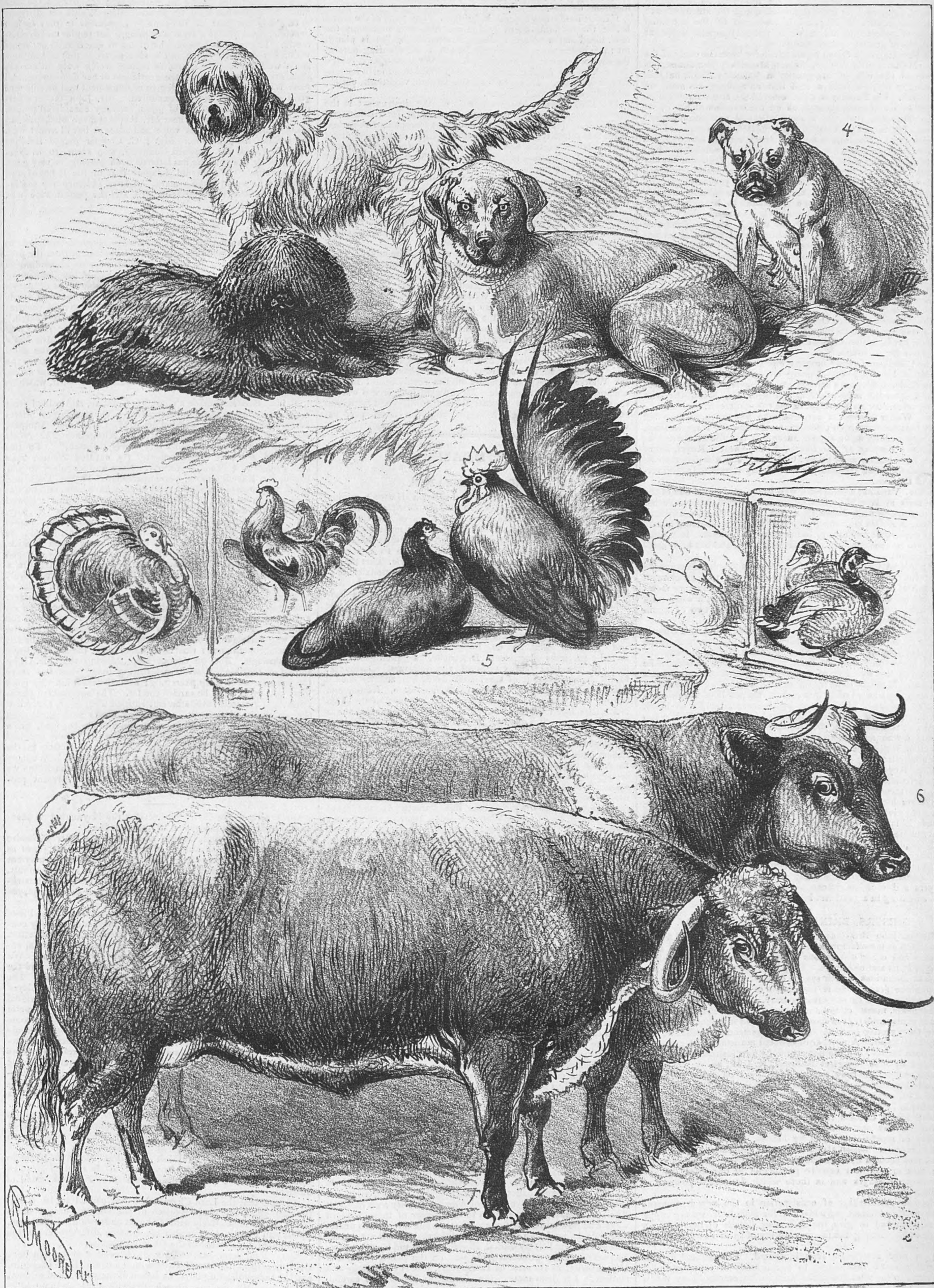
Captain Pritchard-Rayner has disposed of his private pack of harriers to Mr. James Platt, Wernett Park, Oldham. Captain Pritchard-Rayner, however, will continue to hunt the Anglesea harriers.

The attitude of the farmers towards fox-hunting is still a topic of warm discussion. The *Echo* has commenced a series of articles on the subject by a radical farmer, who, however, treats the matter temperately and fairly enough from his point of view. Down at Aldershot the farmers resent, and not unnaturally, the manner in which they are treated by the hunting-men from the camp, who adopt towards them an attitude of supercilious contempt which is exceedingly irritating. The consequence is that some ugly threats are being whispered among the farmers, and I am afraid we shall before long hear of some unpleasantness down there, unless the military sportsmen adopt some more conciliatory measures. There is, I am sorry to say, a good deal of snobbishness among hunting-men, and the theory that all sportsmen meet on terms of equality in the hunting-field will not bear examination by the test of facts. In a letter to a contemporary a sportsman who belongs to the class of "business men" that so many hunting-men affect to despise hits the nail on the head in the following forcible manner:—"My experience extends over a number of years, and embraces two packs of foxhounds, the one hunting near a large town, and the other in a county where there are only villages and small market towns. In the former hunt I am on a par with my fellow-sportsmen, as most of them—like myself—are business men, keeping one horse, and hunting once a week or fortnight, and we are all on a friendly footing. In the other hunt, of which I am a member, and whither I go occasionally on account of better sport, an amount of exclusiveness prevails among the members, who are mostly county men and officers, which is scarcely credible, and I have rarely had any intercourse with the regular members, who hold themselves aloof from one who does not belong to their county, and who appears only occasionally in their midst; and not even the excitement of the chase thaws the rigidity of these men who live to hunt, and think all men who don't do likewise, and can't come out four days a week, beneath their notice. I may state that I am a gentleman born and bred, a keen rider to hounds, and know how to conduct myself in the field. I only make this explanation in case some thoughtless reader might say, 'Oh, he is some cad who knows nothing of hunting.' And lest it may be thought my case is an exceptional one, I may say there are other fellow-sportsmen who can tell the same tale. Fancy gentlemen (?) meeting each other a dozen times a season—say, spending a day together—for the purpose of sport, to be enjoyed equally by all present, and interchanging no remarks, and not even giving a 'good morning' when meeting or a 'good night' when parting! Such a state of things is simply barbarous, and there is not another civilised country in the world where it would exist excepting Britain, famed for her field sports and execrated by foreigners for her class distinctions and the insolence of the county people to those in trade."

I have myself often noted with disgust the tone in which regular hunting-men, who can afford to hunt every day through the season, and who make hunting the business of their lives, often speak of those who are in trade. One would think, to hear them talk, that if a man is not an independent gentleman he has no right to appear in the hunting-field at all—no right even to pretend to the tastes of a sportsman. I confess to feeling intensely angry when I hear this snobbish tone adopted. It argues such abominable selfishness—such an ungenerous, dog-in-the-manager spirit—on the part of the holders of these views, that I set them down at once as not being genuine sportsmen at all, because, I take it, a sportsman of the right sort is willing to recognise the true sporting spirit wherever he finds it—whether in prince or publican. Hunting, I am convinced, will need to be purged of this cliquism and snobbery if it is to hold its own against the attacks of its enemies.

GELERT.





THE BIRMINGHAM DOG AND CATTLE SHOW.

MUSIC.

THERE has been nothing of special interest to record in musical affairs during the past week, but there has been an ample provision of enjoyment for musical amateurs, and the steady growth of musical culture in England is evidenced by the continual increase of entertainments in which not only popular tastes but the claims of genuine art are recognised.

At Her Majesty's Opera repetitions have been the order of the day. Mdle. Emilie Ambre, the new Moorish prima-donna, has attempted the rôle of Margherita in Gounod's *Faust*, but was suffering so severely from a cold that an apology was made on her behalf. On Tuesday last she essayed the character of Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, and again showed, as on the occasion of her début in *La Traviata*, that she is an intellectual and accomplished actress, but is not yet entitled to be considered a vocalist of the highest rank. She can reach high notes without difficulty, she phrases fairly well, and has attained considerable vocal flexibility; but at present her voice is deficient in charm. There are not any "tears" in it, nor does it ever awaken those sudden sensations of delight which are occasionally elicited by voices of naturally sympathetic quality. Mdle. Ambre is above mediocrity, but is a long way below excellence, and it remains to be seen whether further study and practice will enable her to reach the position which she is laudably striving to reach. Signor Mendioroz showed unexpected sympathetic and emotional power in his impersonation of the Jester, Signor Runcio was an efficient if not admirable Duke, and Miss Purdy was successful as Maddalena. The chief event of the season is fixed for this evening, when Weber's latest opera, *Oberon*, will be produced for the first time since 1864. Great preparations have been made, and the *mise-en-scène* will be of unusual splendour. The season will close a fortnight hence.

The Alexandra Palace Opera season will close to-night, when *La Sonnambula* will be played for the benefit of Madame Rose Hersee, her last appearance at the Alexandra Palace prior to her departure for Australia.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will probably commence their season at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday, January 25th, when Richard Wagner's earliest opera, *Rienzi*, will be produced, with a splendid *mise-en-scène*, and with Mr. Maas, the best acting tenor now on the stage, in the title-character.

Mr. Walter Botton, a barytone who has for more than ten years past occupied high positions on the operatic stage in Italy, and who recently made a great success in the rôle of Petruchio, in Goëtz's *Taming of the Shrew*, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, has been engaged by Mr. Carl Rosa, and will play the rôle of Escamillo (The Torador) in Mr. Henry Hersee's English version of *Carmen*.

Mdile. Vanzini (Van Zandt), who is expected to be one of the chief stars at Her Majesty's Opera next season, will make her début in opera next February, at the Teatro Regio, Turin, as Zerlina, in *Il Don Giovanni*. She does wisely in obtaining a little stage experience preliminary to her début in London. Her voice is said to be exceptionally beautiful in quality, and has been carefully cultivated.

Mr. Alfred Burnett, leader of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, the Glasgow Orchestral Concerts, the Blackheath Orchestral Society, &c., &c., has been elected an honorary member of the Cambridge University Musical Society, a distinction which has been conferred on only seven persons, two of whom are Heren Joachim and Brahms.

Signor Campobello has made a successful début as a concert singer in New York, and has been very warmly praised by the *New York Herald*, *Tribune*, *Sun*, and other leading journals.

Dr. Hans von Bülow has been ridiculously praised because he performed the five last of Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas at a matinee. It seems to be forgotten that long before this diffident personage was heard of in this country the whole of Beethoven's sonatas had been played here by Madame Arabella Goddard, Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Pauer, &c., and that the famous No. 106 posthumous sonata was first interpreted by Madame Arabella Goddard, who played it in Germany while she was still in her teens, a fact on which the German *Reclams* comments with surprise and admiration.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have promised their patronage of Mr. Kuhe's next Musical Festival, two months hence, at Brighton.

We are happy to state that the musical and dramatic entertainment given at St. James's Hall, on the 4th inst., in aid of the Edwin Ellis Fund was in every way a success. The richly varied programme was one of singular attractiveness, in both its musical and its dramatic elements, and the list of names belonging to either profession much too long for quotation. The orchestras of all the principal London theatres combined in the opening, from the boards of which came many of the most eminent of our players and vocalists, whose names and gratuitous services are never wanting in a good and kindly cause.

MESSRS. BRINSMEAD'S NEW PIANO.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons have long enjoyed a high reputation as manufacturers of pianofortes, and have gained gold medals and other distinctions at the International Exhibitions held at Paris and elsewhere. They have recently made some important alterations in their system of construction, and are about to produce grand concert pianofortes of an excellence hitherto unknown in this or any other country. The first of these new instruments, manufactured for Edward Ledger, Esq., proprietor of our contemporary, the *Era*, was exhibited in public for the first time on Tuesday last, at Messrs. Brinsmead's warehouse, 18, Wigmore-street. A number of eminent musicians and amateurs had been invited, and the powers of the new instrument were developed by Miss Margaret Bucknall, R.A.M., an accomplished pianist, whose masterly performances have on many occasions attracted public applause. The solos chosen by Miss Bucknall were Thalberg's Etude in A minor, Chopin's Berceuse, and a Tarantella by Mr. Walter Macfarren. These three strongly-contrasted pieces enabled the performer to exhibit the varied resources of the new instrument, and in the Thalberg Etude the facility of repetition secured by Messrs. Brinsmead's "perfect check repeater" action attracted general admiration. The other selections showed that the fine quality of the tone produced under the new system was equally producible in the most delicate pianissimo passages and in those which demanded power and brilliancy.

As the peculiarities of construction in the new instrument cannot fail to interest every lover of the pianoforte, we are happy to be permitted to give the following details of the methods employed. Among the features worthy of special notice may be noted:—

I. A new sostenente sounding-board. It is claimed for this sounding-board that, owing to peculiarities of construction, it responds to the vibration of the strings with extraordinary readiness. The heightened sensitiveness of this important part of the instrument naturally augments the sonority of the tone produced; the durable quality of which is secured by the unusual substance and strength of the materials employed.

II. A greatly increased length and weight of string between the bridges. The strain upon the framework of an ordinary concert grand is rarely more than sixteen tons, whereas in the

case of Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons' new instrument it is no less than thirty tons, the increase being due to the greatly augmented weight and strength of the strings used. The enormous pressure thus brought to bear upon the frame is sustained by several ingenious devices.

III. Utilised string beyond the bridges. The parts of the string below the sounding-board bridge are not, as is commonly the case, listed and rendered useless. A separate bridge is placed for them in due proportion to the length of the vibrating part of the strings between the bridges. Above the wrest-plank bridge the strings are divided into the second, third and fourth harmonics or overtone. These, by their sympathetic vibrations, enrich, intensify, and prolong the tone.

IV. Mechanism. The "action" of the instrument is the perfect check repeater, invented by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons—patented by them throughout Europe and America. With this action the touch is beautifully light, certain and firm; the number of centres and the amount of friction being greatly reduced. The hammer is held perfectly in check with every blow, although a note can be rapidly repeated, even when the key has been held down to within one sixteenth of an inch of its utmost limit. The durability of this mechanism has been satisfactorily proved by ten years of constant use.

V. A third pedal. This pedal is connected with an improvement upon M. Montal's invention, and secures a sustained tone after the hands have left the keys without the confusion attendant upon the use of the ordinary forte pedal.

The new pianoforte, which, by the way, is of the unusual compass of 7½ octaves (G to C), is a triumph of constructive skill; and in many respects surpasses any other instrument with which we are acquainted. The increased length and weight of the strings secures a richness and volume of tone hitherto unprecedented, and the treble notes are simply exquisite. The touch is so beautifully adjusted that the lightest and grandest effects are easily attained, and the third (sustaining) pedal offers advantages which will be valued by composers as well as executants. The *cognoscenti* assembled on Tuesday last concurred in warmly praising the new instrument, and Miss Margaret Bucknall's admirable performances elicited hearty applause, which was shared by Mr. Walter Bolton, the vocalist of the occasion, and his able accompanier, Mr. Morice Lee. Mr. Edward Ledger was warmly congratulated by many musical friends on his good fortune in securing a pianoforte which is probably the finest ever yet made.

THE DRAMA.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THAT Messrs. James Albery and Joseph Hatton's original and romantic drama, entitled *No. 20; or, the Bastille of Calvados*, should have puzzled critics more than plays of the class from other pens is natural enough. Mr. Albery has made his reputation as an essentially humorous playwright, and it is difficult to imagine him sitting down in all seriousness to treat a melodramatic subject in the regular old conventional style. That the plot of *No. 20; or, the Bastille of Calvados* is as conventionally melodramatic as it can well be is a fact that cannot be disputed. And it is just the slightly novel method in which the authors have dealt with it, which suggests the tinge of burlesque, that the ironical portion of the audience on the first night at the Princess's so inevitably appreciated. In Act I we find the Duke de Nemours, a rich but elderly nobleman, who has espoused the young and beautiful Blanche de Longueville, murdered within sacred precincts by one Destouche, a profligate, and heir to the title and estates of the Nemours. Destouche, in his accomplishment of the bloody deed, has artfully used a knife belonging to his comrade of bygone days, Néron, and having that young gentleman's name on the hilt of it. This Néron has loved the beautiful Blanche de Longueville, and is naturally surprised to discover that in the space of a few short hours she has become a bride and a widow, and that he is accused of the murder of her husband, the Duke de Nemours, and the act ends by his being hauled off to the Bastille of Calvados. In Act 2 the profligate and true murderer Destouche is found swaggering it bravely in the market-place of Calvados. He still wears his ragged costume, and bullies the worthy citizens for not recognising him as the new Duke de Nemours. There is a certain dashing picturesqueness about this character, due not less to the vigour of Mr. Charles Warner's acting than to the effective style in which the authors have treated it. However, to return to the story. Destouche assumes his ill-got wealth and dignity, while the innocent Néron is left to languish in a prison cell, awaiting a shameful death. The lovely Blanche de Nemours, now Dowager Duchess de Nemours, is determined to save Néron from such an untoward fate at all hazards. It is the manner in which she goes about to compass this laudable design which throws into the romance a decided tinge of burlesque. It is true that in *Arrah-na-Pogue* Boucicault resorts to an expedient not less unusual to rescue his hero from a dungeon. But somehow in the Irish drama the ludicrous view of the situation does not present itself. In *No. 20; or, the Bastille of Calvados*, the heroine buys a strong coil of rope, and having sewn it into her farthingale, proceeds to cajole the Governor of the Bastille in order that she may communicate to Néron the means of escape. This she succeeds in doing in a scene to which we are surprised the reverend Lord Chamberlain did not object. If it occurred in a comedy, and not in a romantic drama, no doubt he would have objected to it. Having to an extent compromised her dignity as a well-behaved widow, Blanche manages to convey the rope into her lover's cell, and the following scenes in Act 3 are occupied with elaborate scenic illustrations of Néron's escape from prison. The manner in which the mechanical effects are produced has the disadvantage of closely resembling similar contrivances in both *Arrah-na-Pogue* and the *Shaughraun*. In Act 4, Destouche is haunted by the shadow of his crime, and also by a somewhat vehement clergyman. This priest urges him to repentance, and the hardened sinner is moved to depart from the error of his ways and enter holy church. He has the misfortune, however, in the course of a masquerade to meet with Néron, and flinging off his monk's habit, he essays single combat with the comrade of bygone days whom he had so deeply wronged. The profligate Destouche is satisfactorily killed in the orthodox fashion, and the drama winds up with a grotesque ballet. Although it will be seen from the short description we have given of *Number Twenty; or, the Bastille of Calvados*, that it is open to the banter of those modern wags who now so largely frequent theatres and turn serious drama into ridicule, we by no means wish to infer that there is not a great deal of excellent literary work in Messrs. Albery and Hatton's play. The acting of the principal parts was, on the whole, very good. Miss Fowler, as Blanche de Longueville, was slightly jerky and restless in her demeanour. Mr. Barnes, as Néron, was careful. Mr. de Belleville played the amorous gaoler with effect. Mr. Warner was the profligate Destouche, and Mr. Redmond was Father Laval. François, a comic servant, was characteristically played by Mr. T. P. Haynes. Mr. Alfred Nelson was the landlord of the Golden Harp. The scenery by Mr. Julian Hicks was, as usual, excellent, and on the whole, *Number Twenty; or, the Bastille of Calvados*, had an exhilarating effect on the audience.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

If the lovers of legitimate drama have not been satisfied by the selection of Shakspearean and other high class plays which have been produced during the past season at Drury Lane they must be somewhat hard to please. Miss Wallis acted wisely in choosing the part of Imogene in *Cymbeline* to play for her benefit. Miss Wallis's style is nothing if not tender and sympathetic. The more boisterous ebullitions of emotion do not come within her dramatic range, but in such a part as that of Imogene she is well fitted. The character is one which only in certain scenes is supposed to lose the gentleness of her demeanour, and Miss Wallis played it with a degree of refinement and intelligence greater than she has hitherto exhibited. Mr. John Ryder's performance of Iachimo is full of good, carefully considered points. It is a genuine pleasure to hear Mr. Ryder deliver Shakspearean blank verse even when his voice and manner but ill assort with the style of his elocution. Mr. J. C. Cowper played Belarius with effect, and Mr. Edward Compton, who seems to us overweighted by the parts he has latterly been playing, is very good in Leonatus. We should imagine that in the *Romeos* and *Orlandos* he would make a mark. A large audience was assembled at the benefit of Miss Wallis, and the performance was much applauded.

THE CANTERBURY.

THE management of the Canterbury seem determined to exclude—as far as possible—the music-hall element from the programme. The result is an evening's amusement abounding in fun without a taint of coarseness. If we except the fumes from doubtful cigars, and the even more objectionable odour of 'Arry's favourite "meerschaum," there is nothing to lead the most sensitive to imagine they are not in an elegant well-managed theatre. At present the performance commences with a "fairy sketch," by Frank Green, entitled, *The Night Dancers; or the Little Prince who couldn't keep his head above water*. Miss Nelly Power, who, as "Prince Rupert of Rheinstein," is—the Lord Chamberlain be thanked—the only speaking character gives the author's sparkling lines their full weight. Miss Power acted, sang, and danced with all her old vivacity and spirit, which is saying a great deal.

Mdile. Bartoletti made a charming Coraline, and gained great applause by her graceful impersonation. The dancing of Misses Broughton and Powell, assisted by MM. Carlos and Adolphe, was of a fresh and pleasing style. Altogether *The Night Dancers* may be pronounced a very clever "sketch." To this succeeded a "new entertainment" (?), entitled *Heroes, Past and Present; A Musical Reverie*. Here we recognised an old friend, Mr. Russell Grover, who impersonated Father Time and Lord Beaconsfield; however good he may have been, and he was very good in his time, in this entertainment he seems "bowed down with weight of woe." But, be that as it may, his impersonations are good artistic studies, his make-up as the Premier being remarkably fine, and he gave the poor stuff at his disposal more than justice. Mr. Grover is assisted by a Mr. Otley, who is evidently engaged as a contrast for his partner's excellencies. Mr. Otley, in a good-humoured style, acts as a lay figure, wearing successively the dresses of Young England, Napoleon Buonaparte, Duke of Wellington, Nelson, H. M. Stanley, and Sir Garnet Wolseley. Someone dresses Mr. Otley behind a curtain, and places him on a pedestal in a most peculiar attitude while Mr. Grover chaffs the audience. The curtain is drawn aside, and there you see the mad wag burlesquing the appearance of one of the celebrated men before-mentioned; this is repeated until the list is entirely gone through. But we cannot help thinking that Mr. Otley should content himself with caricaturing living men and leave the dead heroes to sleep peacefully; nevertheless it is a very good joke, but jokes may be carried too far. The spectacular, panoramic, and dioramic entertainment, entitled *Trafalgar*, concluded the evening's amusement. *Trafalgar* meets with great and deserved success. Though so many children are engaged, not a single hitch was observable. From the time the Victory weighed anchor off Agincourt Sound until the death of Nelson in the Bay of Trafalgar "all went merry as a marriage bell." We have not space to give the entertainment in detail. In conclusion we advise those who have not yet seen Mr. Villiers's present programme to do so without delay.

Our notice of *The Crisis*, produced at the Haymarket on Monday, is unavoidably postponed till our next issue.

On Wednesday night last the audience of the Surrey Theatre had the inestimable advantage of witnessing Mr. Joey Jones as Richard III. in the important Tent Scene. Mr. Jones may not possess the subtlety of a Macready, but his style is more robust, and we doubt if Edmund Kean himself could have acted a back-fall with the same amount of solid determination as was displayed by Mr. Joey Jones.

The drama which Mr. Alfred Tennyson is writing on the life of Thomas A'Becket is, we believe, to be more dramatically constructed than the previous efforts of the Laureate in this direction.

Miss Julia Agnes Fouser has written a new Irish drama, entitled, *Dermot O'Donoghue, the Stranger from Belfast*. We believe this lady is the author of some successful novels, and the local critiques upon her play are generally favourable. The *Greenock Advertiser* says regarding it:—"The piece was played with very great success by all the company, each individual member of which seemed to have studied their allotted character with special care. Vigorous in dialogue, and marked by some picturesque situations, the play affords abundant scope for some effective acting on the part, at any rate, of the principal characters. The plot is certainly one in which the authoress encroaches a little on the realms of the improbable. It is, nevertheless, one which excites keen interest in the audience from the opening prologue to the close, and if we may judge from the frequent applause accorded to the performance of the piece last night was highly appreciated by all present."

Miss St. Quintin has been engaged by Mr. Alexander Henderson to take the part of Serpolette in the *Cloches de Corneville* at the Globe in the place of Miss Emma Chambers, who goes to play a leading pantomime part at Manchester.

A play by Messrs. Alfred Maltby and Paul Merritt is likely to be produced soon at the Princess's. It is entitled *Modern Babylon*, and we believe deals with the *Formosa* class of incident.

It is said that the Lord Chamberlain has caused to be closed the two doors inside the portico of the Gaiety Theatre which communicate respectively with the buffet and restaurant of Messrs. Spiers and Pond. He has also made some difficulty about the refreshment department of the Olympic Theatre.

By the kind permission of Mrs. Swanborough there will be a ticket benefit at the Strand Theatre on Thursday, December 9th, and the three following days, on behalf of the widow and orphans of the late Mr. Sydney French, dramatic critic and journalist. Messrs. J. A. Cave and A. West have also expressed their willingness to permit the use of the Victoria Theatre for a similar benefit.

Miss Kate Phillips (Mrs. Conway) is engaged for the principal part, Aladdin, in the pantomime to be produced at the Royal Aquarium Theatre.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS ORRIDGE.

MISS ELLEN A. ORRIDGE, whose portrait we have this week the pleasure of publishing, has been but a short time before the public as a professional vocalist, but has already achieved considerable popularity, and although her career has thus far been comparatively uneventful, her numerous admirers will probably take interest in the following particulars. Miss Orridge at an early age showed remarkable musical aptitude, and in the autumn of 1875 she was placed in the Royal Academy of Music, under the instruction of probably the greatest living master of the vocal art, Senor Manuel Garcia, to whose invaluable instruction and unwearied assiduity the young artist thankfully attributes her success. At the end of her first year's study Miss Orridge took a bronze medal, and in the second year a silver medal, and the gold medal given by Dr. Llewellyn Thomas for declamatory singing. Last summer she gained the Parepa Rosa gold medal, given by Mr. Carl Rosa in memory of Madame Parepa Rosa, the second Christine Nilsson prize, and the certificate of the Academy. She was engaged by Mr. Pyatt for his autumnal tours in 1877 and 1878, and sang at all Mr. John Boosey's Ballad Concerts last season—also at Messrs. A. and S. Gatti's Promenade Concerts this year. She has also sung in oratorio at Birmingham and other provincial towns. Miss Orridge has been gifted by nature with a contralto voice of remarkably fine and sympathetic quality, and there seems every reason to anticipate that she will take a high position among contemporary vocalists. Our portrait of this lady is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliot and Fry.

ROYAL SPORT AT SANDRINGHAM.

SANDRINGHAM, the country home of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is the very ideal of what a quiet retreat should be for those who have to endure the cares of royal life and State, and such their Royal Highnesses no doubt find it. For the Prince and Princess came, with their family, to this peaceful spot immediately after His Royal Highness's return from the Paris Exhibition, an undertaking which on all sides, it is admitted, owed much of its success to his unwearied efforts. Enjoying, as the Prince undoubtedly does, the sweets of country life, he does so most unselfishly, his hospitality being extended to all whom he deems worthy of his friendship in genuine princely style. One of the great features of Sandringham life is the sport which is abundant in quantity and excellent in quality as the Royal guests well know. Approaching Sandringham from Walferton, the drive is a pleasing introduction to the ever-changing beauties of this charming little estate. Ascending a stiffish incline to the sea, we intersect beautifully wooded plantations of larch, birch, and pine, the trees as we proceed growing larger and more luxuriant. With the ground still rising, a splendid view is soon obtained, the vast blue sheet of the German Ocean fading away till lost in space. An attractive and picturesque little erection is passed on the left in the form of a Swiss chalet, and called by the "natives" the Folly. The drive continues for some time longer through varying scenes of wood and shrubbery, till the grand gateway is reached. It swings open, admitting to an avenue flanked on either side by two rows of sentinel limes, aged and gnarled, which, with their cawing rooks, give to the Home quite a look of the "good old times." At the head of the avenue we find a house, both as regards size and architecture admirably adapted to its requirements. The grounds around, although not extensive, are admirably laid out, the planting being executed with a degree of picturesque effect forcibly aided by the fact of Sandringham being built on a slight elevation. The accompanying hollow is utilised as a pond. Upon the surface of its sparkling water may be seen, disporting themselves, many beautiful specimens of water-fowl, including black and white swans, whistling tree ducks, water-hens, and many others; while far beyond, stretching into the grey distance, is the deer park, with its antlered herds and grand old British oaks. Throughout the park the Scotch fir is most extensively planted, with good effect, their rich deep-green foliage contrasting admirably with the silvery floss and waving plumes of pampas grass which is set here in profusion. Nothing can be prettier than the effect of their feathery heads as they rise and fall to every breeze, glistening and shining in the changing light. This beautiful grass borders most of the walks throughout the grounds. Outside the park proper are the game preserves, in which many a pleasant day's sport has been enjoyed, like that which forms the subject of the accompanying sketches. One of the best covers here is the Commodana Wood of very fine timber and good ground shelter. The party depicted on the accompanying page included some of the best shots in the kingdom, and on this occasion their killing powers were well tested by the amount of material brought under their notice by H.R.H.'s head keeper. As for the "long-tails," they were strong, healthy, and flew well, they are of a most beautiful breed, the usual rainbow-coloured dyes being dashed with spots of silvery white, which looked very much like flakes of snow, and were especially deceptive, as the ground was covered with a snow sheet to the depth of several inches. The air was keen and bracing, and helped to whet the appetite of the Royal party for luncheon, which awaited them at Sayers' Farm, where they were joined by the Princess of Wales and the three princesses, Louisa, Victoria, and Maude, and party from Sandringham. Luncheon over, the sport waxed warmer and warmer till a stand is made at Dersingham Wood, where Her Royal Highness and party are spectators of a "hot half-hour," which coming to a close winds up the day's sport, ending as it did in a splendid bag, embracing pheasant, woodcock, wood pigeon, partridge, hare and rabbits; capercaillie, and other rare game, being saved on the wing by the cry of "Don't shoot!" Capercaillie, like everything else, seem to thrive well here. The pheasants, of course, afforded the largest share of the sport this day, but on the morrow the scene of sport was to be changed to the partridge drive at Flitcham, where a second batch of sketches were taken for THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, with the special sanction of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. These will appear in the issue following our next, the Christmas Number.

W. A. D.

Sandringham, November, 1878.

THE LATE MR. FREDERICK GYE.

The daily papers have already announced to our readers the death of Mr. Frederick Gye, on Wednesday night, at Dytchley Park, Oxfordshire, the seat of Viscount Dillon. Whilst out shooting with Lord Dillon, the Hon Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, and Sir Alfred Horsford, at Dytchley, on the afternoon of Thursday week, Mr. Gye, while getting through a fence, was handing his gun to a keeper, when it exploded, inflicting a serious wound in the groin, from the effects of which he died.

For nearly thirty years Mr. Gye has been connected with the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, which was founded, in the words of the original prospectus issued by the directors, with the view of securing a "more perfect representation of the lyric drama than has yet been attained in this country," and no one can say that the aim thus confidently proclaimed was not fully reached.

Up to his time no work of Meyerbeer's had ever been efficiently performed in England. When Mr. Gye entered upon the direction of Covent Garden, Mr. (the present Sir Michael) Costa was at the head of musical affairs. Disagreements, however, took place, which resulted in the resignation of the conductor. But the energy which had characterised the *impresario's* first season was not to be quelled by the departure of his conductor. Mr. Gye set to work to repair the loss with a success to which the *habitués* of Covent Garden during the last few years can bear abundant testimony. Space forbids the enumeration of the many magnificent performances for which the public is indebted to Mr. Gye; who, though not a practical musician himself, was an admirable judge of what would suit the public taste. On May 14, 1861, Mdle. Adelina Maria Clorinda Patti made her debut as Amina in *La Sonnambula*. In 1863 Madame Pauline Lucca appeared, and after suddenly departing, on the plea that "the Thames did not agree with her," returned in 1865 to triumph as Selika, in *L'Africaine*.

When the Wagner rage extended to England Mr. Gye produced *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Il Vascello Fantasma*—which latter, however, under the title of *L'Hollandaise Damnée*, had been previously given in England. To Mr. Gye the public is also indebted for Verdi's *Aida*, among recent operas, and to him the credit must be given of having done magnificently whatever he took in hand. Among the most interesting events of past seasons have been the extremely artistic and charming performances of Madame Albani, now the wife of Mr. Ernest Gye, who has been for a long time past associated with the opera. By his marriage with the popular prima donna it may be hoped that Mr. Ernest Gye has signified his adherence to a career of operatic management, and there is every reason to hope that if he determine to carry on the establishment the reputation his father did so much to make for the Royal Italian Opera will suffer no sort of diminution.

THE LATE MR. ALFRED WIGAN.

Although we have long missed the above well-known name from the bills of our theatres, it has not the less vividly been associated in our memories with some of the greatest triumphs of the histrionic art. Mr. Alfred Wigan gave the stage many a creation, excellent in conception and powerful in realization, refined and finished with the most scrupulous care and study, and not likely to be soon or easily forgotten. His death, which took place on Friday week at Folkestone and which has created feelings of the deepest sorrow and regret throughout the country, terminated an illness anxiously watched by those who were his nearest and dearest, from whom he received the tenderest care and attention.

Mr. Alfred Sydney Wigan was born at Blackheath, Kent, March 24, 1814. He began his career as a professor of music, but soon turned his attention to the stage, making his first appearance at the St. James's in 1838, playing for some time subordinate parts under the name of Sydney. At this period his reputation was that of a careful, reliable actor, with little chance of rising in his profession. His progress, however, though slow and quiet, was sure and steady, and every new character entrusted to him served to widen his experience and advance his hopes. When the St. James's closed he was engaged at Drury Lane; but on Madame Vestris opening Covent Garden in September, 1839, he transferred his services to that establishment, appearing on November 4, for the first time under his own name, as Sir Otto of Steinberg, in Sheridan Knowles's play of *Love*. Here Mr. Wigan remained through the succeeding management of Charles Kemble and Alfred Bunn, when the theatre being abruptly closed in April, 1843, he went to the Strand Theatre, where he displayed much versatility under the management of Messrs. Maywood and Lawrence.

Mr. Wigan married Miss Leonora Pincott in 1841, and on the opening of the Lyceum by the Keeleys in April, 1844, Mrs. Wigan, and afterwards her husband, joined the company. At this theatre he not only displayed remarkable ability as an actor of true artistic skill, but he likewise appeared as a dramatist, cleverly adapting to the English stage several French pieces. At the Adelphi and the Princess's the talents of Mr. Wigan were subsequently acknowledged in a greater variety of impersonations, but it was not until he became the lessee of the Olympic Theatre, which opened under his management October 17, 1853, that the full measure of his dramatic creative power was displayed. The terrible old Indian Nabob in *The Bengal Tiger*; the two Frenchmen, each so distinct and both so exquisitely perfect, in *The Lucky Friday* and *The First Night*; the true portraiture of a gentleman, John Mildmay, in *Still Waters Run Deep*, first produced under his management; and the impressive personation of a *roué* in the drama called *Retribution*, were at once recognised as indications of superior talent in developing the more subtle touches of character and feeling.

Mr. Wigan was compelled to retire from the Olympic in consequence of his health giving way, and an enforced withdrawal from the stage followed. Two years afterwards he was sufficiently recovered to reappear at the Adelphi in *House or Home*, a drama written expressly for him by Mr. Tom Taylor. In October, 1860, Mr. Wigan became manager of the St. James's Theatre, which he held for three seasons, enjoying in this, as in all his other managerial undertakings, the valuable co-operation of his wife. When the New Queen's Theatre, Long-acre, was opened, October 24, 1867, the management was under his direction, and in 1868 and 1869 Mr. Wigan gave the advantage of his talents to the first and second season of the Gaiety Theatre. His engagements were again interrupted by illness, and shortly afterwards rest from professional pursuits was imperatively ordered by his physician. Consequently, at a morning performance given under distinguished patronage at Drury Lane Theatre, July 6, 1872, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan announced their "farewell benefit and last appearance on the public stage." From this retirement they have only since emerged to give occasional dramatic readings, by special request, at some of the mansions of the nobility, and to appear at a benefit *matinée* at the Gaiety, on March 13, 1877. It may be noted that during one of his provincial engagements Mr. Wigan assumed the part of Shylock, in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*; and, as might have been expected, gave a most interesting and intelligent rendering of the character. Personally, he was a man of high and varied accomplishments, and a scholar in no narrow sense of the term. The playgoer will link with the name of Mr. Alfred Wigan the remembrance of many evenings of theatrical enjoyment derived from the purest sources, and the profession owe to his memory the regard due to one who adorned the stage by his highly cultivated talents, and made his art respected by the polish and propriety rigidly preserved before the footlights, and invariably displayed in private life. Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

GRAND FANCY DRESS POLO BALL AT BRIGHTON.

On Wednesday week the International Gun and Polo Club and the United Counties Hunt gave their fifth annual grand fancy dress ball at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton. It was without exception the most successful they have had. There were nearly 700 persons present; the decorations were magnificent and the costumes brilliant. Our artist's drawing will give a better idea of the *tout ensemble* than we can possibly give in words. We

may, however, quote from the *Brighton Gazette* a few notes on the most striking costumes:—"Of the purely fancy dresses that of 'An Ice Maide,' a title which might fairly be applied in either of the two ways of pronunciation, excited the warmest admiration, notwithstanding the extreme coolness of the subject. A Servian costume of pearl cashmere and rose and blue satin, with gold and valenciennes lace trimmings, formed a unique and magnificent dress. The blue and amber satin, with gold fringe and lace, and coins and turquoises of the 'Bohemian Girl' were altogether charming, while the silver lace, 'the silver bells and cockle shells,' the silver rake and watering-can of 'Mary, Mary, quite contrary,' were about the prettiest impersonation of this much-used character that has been seen. 'Sea Nymphs' swam gracefully in the waltz with manly-looking cricketers, or with gondoliers, all cardinal silk and velvet, and golden braid and buttons. The cloudy muslin dress decked with brilliant roses of 'Summer,' was a fair and summer-like picture; while 'Spring,' with its beautiful violets, crocuses, snowdrops, and other flowers of the early year, and its charming pinks and sweet blooming tints; and 'La Violette,' with its spring flowers and ferns, and flash of diamonds, formed as charming pictures as the eye could wish to rest on. There were 'Esmeraldas,' all cerise and black and gold, with coins and tambourine; there were muleteers, there was the famous 'Duchess of Devonshire,' of Gainsborough; there were Mexicans, Eastern personages, peasant girls, Greek and Spanish and French Court ladies, gipsies, charming Dresden china, lovely with rosebuds and silver trimmings, and others which it takes away the breath to name in a sentence, and which it is impossible for the pen to sketch with accuracy. 'A Court Jester' was indeed a courtly personage in his magnificence. 'Olivia,' charming in cerise and muslin and rich embroidery, reminded one of the beautiful character in Wills's play rather than of the original in Goldsmith's novel. An 'Arcadian Shepherdess,' with her white and brocaded satin, her garlands and bouquets of roses, and a Polish lady, highly characteristic, in white and blue satin, scarlet and gold, formed a bewitching pair. A 'Scotch Highlander' looked like the hoary chief of his clan to the manner born, and ready at a moment to draw his claymore in defence of Bonnie Prince Charlie. 'Sir Walter Raleigh' was more than once repeated. There were Bohemian girls, pretty Norman girls, and there was a Japanese gentleman in the full Court costume of his nation, magnificent and dazzling. The number of Court costumes of the time when the ancient *regime* of France was in the full glory of its pride, and of the era of the Georges in England was sufficient to give a somewhat stately character to the ball, enhanced by the many brilliant uniforms. The many rich Persian, Indian, Japanese, and other Oriental characters made it as a rich page out of the 'Arabian Nights.' 'Bayard' and 'Sir Thomas Seymour,' who came attired in real armour, recalled the golden age of chivalry, an illusion increased by the presence of a charming 'Joan of Arc,' with light, highly-polished armour. The flounces and furbelows, the patches and powdered hair, the colours, and silks, and satins, would have delighted the eye of a romantic artist, and excited the envy of a scientific modiste. They helped to form a procession of all nations, and a carnival of light and beauty such as has not often been seen even in Brighton.

THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND DOG SHOW.

This popular exhibition opened at Birmingham on Monday, the judging having taken place on the previous Saturday. In every respect the show may be pronounced a success, for though the entries in some departments were not as numerous as in some former years, the quality was good, and the most exacting critic must have been satisfied with the result. The dogs were as usual a source of great attraction, and they certainly deserved the patronage they obtained. The demands upon our space prevent us giving the prize list in full, but we subjoin the names of the prize winners selected by our artist for his sketches:—1. Mr. B. Radcliffe's Russian poodle, Jet; 2. Mr. B. Radcliffe's Russian spaniel, General; 3. Mr. T. Menke's German boar-hound Leo; 4. Mr. F. Reeves's bull bitch, Queen Mab; 5. Mrs. Brassey's Japanese bantams; 6. Mr. R. Wright's shorthorn ox; 7. Mr. R. Hall's longhorn ox.

PSYCHE.

The word "Psyche" signifies the soul, which was anciently symbolised, not by a woman, but by a butterfly. But as it was beauty that won the heart of Love's own god, and love is the soul of the universe, the ancient painters and sculptors made Psyche a woman, with the wings of a butterfly. Here, however, our Psyche has no wanton wings of filmy lightness, her beauty is purely womanly, perchance to show that, no longer deserting the world for an abode of bliss with Cupid, the soul of love dwells in this nether region, safe from the vengeful fury of indignant Venus, and content to contemplate a butterfly as corporeal as herself. Our engraving is from a painting by R. Beyschlag.

A GOOD JUDGE.

A good judge and a useful man, the dread of the quack—who would poison those who are not good judges with heaven only knows what liquid abominations, were it not for dread of that cunning eye, that knowing shake of the head, and that smile which is at once—as our artist has shown—confident and contemptuous. A good judge is a useful member of the community, whose picture has every claim to rank with those of other popular characters in the pages of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

THE BIVOUAC.

We have here a body of travelling merchants in Japan who have come to a halt, and in the chilly atmosphere, full of misty moonlight, are lighting their fires and swinging hammocks preparatory to a night's rest in the open air. The incident is full of picturesque and semi-romantic interest, and as a glimpse of a phase in life and trade to which this country has long been a stranger, deserves, we think, a nook in our gallery of engravings.

THE LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB'S ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

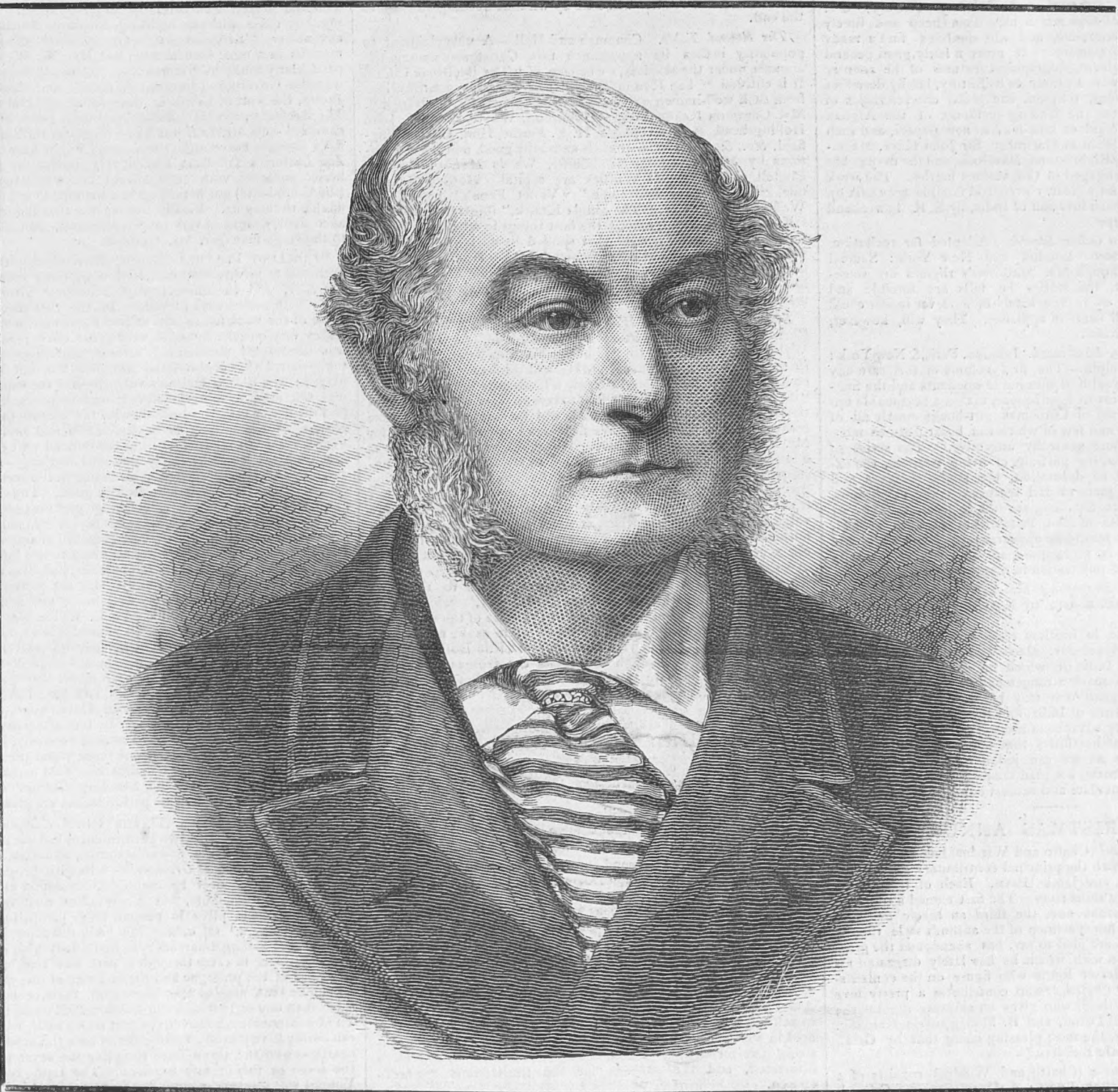
Particulars of this event, of which our artist this week gives sketches, will be found fully described elsewhere in our columns by "Exon."

MR. WILSON BARRETT is travelling with *Proof* and a powerful company, of which we receive golden opinions in the provincial papers.

THE second grand evening concert took place at the Surrey County Hall, Ferndale-road, Brixton, on the 3rd instant, before a large audience. The artistes were Miss Mary Davies, Miss Marian Burton, Mr. Wilford Morgan, Mr. H. Evans, and Mr. Santley, all of whom were received with marked approval. The singing of Miss Davies and Messrs. Morgan and Santley was, as usual, all that could be desired, the exponents receiving repeated *encores*; while the less-known artistes, Miss Marian Burton (contralto) and Mr. H. Evans (baritone), were far above average excellence, which gained for them a large share of applause. The band was conducted by Mr. H. Sprake; and the accompanist, as hitherto, was Mr. Turle Lee.



THE POLO FANCY DRESS BALL AT BRIGHTON.



THE LATE MR. FREDERICK GYE.

VETERINARIAN.

No. 3.—THE DETECTION OF LAMENESS IN HORSES.

AFTER trotting the horse as we have described, on hard road, for the detection of disease in his hard parts, should we find the hard parts all right, we must now try the soft parts—namely, the muscles and their prolongations, the tendons, whose duty lies in moving the bones and joints. As these muscles perform their duty by alternately lengthening and shortening, or, in other words, contracting and relaxing, it is plain that disease in them will be best detected by placing them under such conditions as to call forth the highest expression of their power of work. But as it is evident also that we have no right in detecting one ailment to produce another we must apply a less severe test than one which would injure. As every horseman knows, "pounding" across a soft fallow field calls forth most muscular energy, and "takes it out" of a horse to that extent that these fields are avoided where it is possible to do so without being "thrown out." The next most trying place is a grass field in soft weather. Much depends on the obscurity of the ailment for which we are looking. If we know that a horse has been lame in his soft parts we cannot take a readier means of opening up the old wound than taking him into a fallow field; but if we believe him to be sound, then a grass field is the most trying place it is legitimate for us to use. The writer, in the course of a long experience, has never seen a case, nor heard of a case, of lameness which necessitated such extreme measures as trial in a fallow field; but he has known many cases not previously lame made so by this cruel treatment. A grass field answers all purposes. There are two periods of observation in this case, namely, during the exertion and after it. The former period is the least objectionable, and free from all risk of wrong conclusions. The latter period—that after the exertion—is anything but free to objection, because the stiffness induced even in the most healthy muscles, after pretty severe exertion, is sometimes so great, especially if the animal is allowed to stand out in the open, unprotected, and get rapidly cool, is apt to simulate lameness very closely, and not everyone can distinguish between the natural stiffness—if we may so name it—which is pretty certain to occur in all but those in the highest condition for going, and the stiffness from actual pain from some long-existing ailment. As a rule, stiffness only will wear off after the horse has gone a few yards, where actual lame will continue altogether; but there is a middle ground here and it is this, sometimes we produce stiffness so great that it does not wear off for some time, and our task is then to distinguish this from the actual lameness, which is plainly perceptible for some time after first movement, but which gradually wears off. In this case it is often a question of yards. For example, let us take two horses, both in condition or seeming to be so, and let us suppose the horse A to be

quite sound, but the horse B to have an old lameness which severe exertion discovers. We take both into a grass field and give them a severe gallop and then let them both cool rapidly in the shade. We then trot both slowly in hand and find the horse A, who is only severely stiff and not lame, begins to go sound after he has trotted a hundred yards, whilst B, who has had his old ailment revived by the exertion, but whose ailment always passes off when he gets warm, trots lame for one hundred and fifty yards. If we knew nothing of either to begin with, who would undertake to say which was the horse stiff only and which the horse lame and stiff? Here the writer takes the opportunity of saying that if the horse-loving public were better acquainted with the countless sources of fallacy which meet veterinarians in

the exercise of their calling they would be far more tolerant and far less ready to condemn. These sources of fallacy meet them at every case of lameness almost, and in almost every case of disease, so that in condemning them broadcast it would be far more to the point to inquire into their means of acquiring the knowledge which will have to be daily subjected to such severe tests, and lend them a helping hand in trying to improve the quality of their teaching institutions, if such they may be called. To try a horse in a grass field for a moderate length of time, and to take care whilst doing so to stop short of actual fatigue, is the best way of discovering lameness in the muscles. We ourselves prefer a minimum of exertion. Then we allow the horse to stand in an open, cool place, and have him slowly trotted on level, hard ground, exactly as before recommended. Under these circumstances healthy stiffness passes off at once, if there be any at all; after the first yard or two, then we discover the lameness, if any.

We now come to the most important part of the examination—namely, the examination of the foot. In order to describe this let us suppose we have discovered lameness of a fore limb, and that we have failed to detect it in the limb above the foot, so that we have to "search" the foot, as it is called. This is a perplexing a task as need be, provided we have to employ the smith who regularly shoes the horse to take off the shoe for us, and use the drawing-knife. He feels it to be a personal matter, and, whilst it is our duty to find the lameness wherever it is, it is his business to prevent our finding it in the foot; and sore is he if we do so. Sometimes of course it is his fault, but he always regards lameness in the foot as pointing to his inability and imagines everybody will be blaming him. He hears of and winks over every case of foot lameness occurring to his rivals, and it dawns on him that they do the same in his case. He takes the shoe off with a growl, pares away at the sole and declares he is on the "wick," and that he dare go no deeper, but to do him credit he takes care to do no injury to the structure whose well-being he is responsible for now and for which he will be in future. He takes the pincers and screws his face into contortions in the make-believe that he is using terribly severe force: in fact he is excited and on his mettle, and will prevent the unwelcome discovery if wiles can do so. The writer usually allows all this waste steam to blow off and relies on seeing the large drops of dew on the Vulcan brow, and a returning softness of manner, if he may ever be accused of softness of manner; then he takes the foot and the tools and quietly proceeds in a systematic manner to make a search. We are too near the end of our space to-day to enter upon this extremely important part of our task so that we shall end here by saying that after describing the examination of the foot we shall then go over every form of lameness separately, and give the distinguishing characteristics of each for it will have been observed that our remarks so far have dealt with the methods of examination which fitly precede the descriptions such as we propose in our next papers.

(To be continued.)



THE LATE MR. ALFRED WIGAN.

REVIEWS.

Afghanistan: Its Political and Military History, &c. London: George Routledge and Sons.—This cheap and timely little volume is very acceptable, and will doubtless find a ready welcome all over the country. It gives a fairly good general idea of the more prominent geographical features of the country with which we are at war. Epitomises its history, briefly describes the manners and customs, religion, and social characteristics of its people, and narrates the leading incidents of the Afghan wars of 1839-42, by the aid of blue-books, newspapers, and such authorities as Lady Sale, Miss Martineau, Sir John Kaye, Marshman, Bell, Dr. Bell, Elphinstone, Havelock, and the despatches of generals who were engaged in the various battles. The work contains also a map, and a clear, clever, and forcible appendix on the prospects of a Russian invasion of India, by S. R. Townshend Mayer and John C. Paget.

The Little Hero, and Other Stories. Adapted for recitation. By ARTHUR MATHISON. London and New York: Samuel French and Son.—Although Mr. Mathison's rhymes are somewhat of the roughest, the stories he tells are forcible and dramatic, and are such as in the hands of a clever reader could not fail to win their full share of applause. They will, however, hardly bear severe criticism.

The Magazine of Art. Illustrated. London, Paris, & New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.—The first volume of this carefully edited work, with its wealth of admirable woodcuts and the first-class etching which forms its frontispiece, makes a seasonable appearance with the crowd of Christmas gift-books, nearly all of which are more costly, and few of which can boast features more artistic, diverse, or more generally attractive. The series of papers on artists' haunts, the portraits of living painters, the examples of art applied to decoration, the slight sketches and finished drawings from pictures and sculpture at the exhibitions, examples of architecture, &c., &c., are full of interest. The only defect is the smallness of the instalments of each subject, which gives the work a scrap-like appearance of being slight and incomplete, although it is, we suppose, an unavoidable necessity arising from the form of publication in monthly parts.

The Best Means of Defraying the Expenses of the Afghan War. By Mr. MACKENZIE, of Kintail. London: Sir J. Causton and Sons.

WITHOUT wasting time in fruitless controversy concerning the doing of that which is done, Mr. Mackenzie brings an intimate practical knowledge of India (in which he once held extensive estates) and a clear systematic arrangement of facts to show how the expenses of the Afghan War may be defrayed without infringing on the net revenue of India, and by merely calling upon England for a temporary advance of money, on the distinct agreement that at the close of hostilities that money should be immediately repaid. So far as we can judge from the statements advanced by Mr. Mackenzie, his plan seems good and sound, and one which deserves immediate and earnest consideration.

THE CHRISTMAS ANNUALS.

The Belgravia Annual (Chatto and Windus) has an attractive table of contents, to which the principal contributors are Wilkie Collins, Cuthbert Bede, and James Payn. Each of these well-known writers supplies a short story. The first-named a romantic one, the second a humorous one, the third an heroic one. In each case the story is a fair specimen of the author's style, though Mr. Wilkie Collins, we are glad to say, has abandoned the gruesome, charnel-house vein with which he has lately disgusted his readers. Among the lesser lights who figure on the contents-bill are the author of "Phyllis," who contributes a pretty love story; J. Arbuthnot Wilson, who gives an amusing nightmare; Percy Fitzgerald, Gerald Dixon, and B. Montgomerie Ranking. The illustrations are fair, the most pleasing being that by G. L. Seymour, entitled "Castle Builders."

The Gentleman's Annual (Chatto and Windus) consists of a single tale, entitled "Filthy Lucre: A Story without a Crime," by Albany de Fonblanque. This is, we think, on the whole the best of the long Christmas stories published this season. There is nothing whatever Christmassy about it, however. It is simply a novel of everyday life, which would be as appropriate to Midsummer as to Yuletide. There is more evidence of careful writing about it than is usually discernible in Christmas stories. The characters are firmly drawn, and have a distinct individuality. The plot, too, evolves itself naturally, and without improbable complications. Mr. de Fonblanque is very severe upon "Manchester cubdom." His Albert Hornby, a cad of the first water, he tells us "was a terrible cub—a representative cub of young Manchester cubdom, which I take to be the cream of cubdom." The portrait of Albert Hornby, however, must be taken *cum grano salis*. If it be not altogether a grossly exaggerated picture, it is, at any rate, the picture of an exceptional case. "Young Manchester" no doubt numbers in its ranks some black sheep and some "terrible cubs;" but even these *mauvais sujets* do not treat their mothers and sisters as Albert Hornby treated his. And, by the way, we are not clear as to how the said Albert inherited his father's title. We are told that his father was knighted, but unless he was also made a baronet, a most improbable event, we do not see how his son could become Sir Albert. There are several other disagreeable characters in the story, notably Captain Willis, Mr. Wingate-Scriven, and the Honourable Mrs. Byngton. Mr. de Fonblanque has evidently chosen a conventional model for all his bad characters, and the consequence is that not one of them is natural. His good characters are much more true to nature, and the heroine, Mary Tarrant, is cleverly drawn. Some readers of this journal will laugh at Mr. Albany de Fonblanque's attempt to sketch a modern fashionable athlete in William Byngton, who "had no vices—athletes seldom have!"—who wins a mile race at Prince's Ground (Lillie Bridge, if you please, Mr. Fonblanque), and who scouts the idea of marriage because "a fellow can't keep in training, you know, when he's married." But, in spite of some absurdities, "Filthy Lucre" is, as we have said, a pleasing and interesting tale, and certainly as good as any produced this Christmas.

Mixt With Magic (Grant and Co.) is the title of Mr. Francillon's annual. Of Mr. Francillon's versatility as a writer of fiction we have already had many specimens. In the present case, however, he has wandered into a new field. He has been making the acquaintance of the old professors of the "black art," and he airs his newly-acquired lore in the story before us. The tale opens very well indeed, and carries the reader on without a hitch in his satisfaction until the hero assumes the character of one Doctor Slark, a professor of spiritualism, magic, and the black art generally. At this point Mr. Francillon throws probability to the winds, and lets his imagination have a loose rein. The whole episode of the hero's residence at Quene Hall as the pseudo Dr. Slark, and his mesmeric influence over Letice Ray is forced and strained. And even the author's undeniable ingenuity fails to reconcile us to the situation. Nor is it at all clear why or how Catherine Mowbray died so suddenly. The mere discovery that she had been duped could hardly have had so instantaneous a fatal effect upon a woman of such firm will and iron nerves. Dick Morton (*alias* Richard Garner), the hero of the story, is, however, drawn with all Mr. Francillon's accustomed skill in delineating *bizarre*

characters, and there is a good deal of very clever writing in the story, which redeems its defects, and renders it an interesting tale—one which few readers will take up without reading steadily to the end.

The Round Table. Chapman and Hall.—A new claimant to popularity makes its appearance this Christmas among the annuals, under the auspices, we believe, of "The Beefsteak Club." It is entitled "The Round Table," and contains contributions from such well-known writers as Hawley Smart, F. C. Burnand, Mrs. Compton Reade, Palgrave Simpson, Whyte-Melville, John Hollingshead, H. P. Stephens, H. B. Farnie, Hon. Lewis Wingfield, &c., &c. The letter-press is unusually good, and the illustrations by Messrs. Linley Sambourne, Wallis Mackay, Georges Pilotell, and A. Stuart-Wortley are capital. Hawley Smart's tale, "A Ride over Ballymore," "Violet Fane's" verses, and Wallis Mackay's tale, "The Single Knock," illustrated by himself, strike us as being among the best things in a budget of good things. The annual is somewhat spoiled by unsightly advertisements. For example, the advertisement of the "Rosbach Water" is much too large for a magazine—its gigantic letters haunt one like a nightmare. Possibly, however, this may be merely a matter of taste.

Little Dorinda: Who Won and who Lost her, is the title of a Christmas story by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who, like Hal o' the Wynd, has determined to "fight for his own hand." If every *litterateur*, first-rate, and second-rate, and third-rate, comes to the conclusion that he is bound to issue a Christmas story every year "on his own hook," it is horrible to contemplate the flood of fiction with which the unhappy public will be deluged at this once festive season of the year. We fail to see any *raison d'être* for Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's brochure. It would have passed muster as a readable story in a magazine, but left to stand upon its own unsupported merits we cannot see that it has any hope of attracting the public. The story as we have said is readable enough, but it has been hastily and slovenly written, and there is a tone of vulgarity about the style which at times jars terribly upon one's notions of good taste. Mr. Fitzgerald, moreover, fails to enlist our sympathies for his hero and heroine, and forces us in a spirit of sheer contrariness to sympathize with the ill-used gentleman whom he evidently intended to render repulsive to us. The well-known "Northumberland-street Tragedy," which took place some few years ago, is utilised at the close of the story, but Mr. Fitzgerald does not make as much of it as he might have done. Printed as it is in very clear type, "Little Dorinda" will be found interesting enough to beguile the tedious hours of a railway journey, but we should hesitate to predict for it many readers under other conditions.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen. With eighteen illustrations, from original designs. By A. BICHARD. London: Warne and Co.

THIS is a handsome new edition of an old favourite. The illustrations are coloured, and the volume is elegantly bound and admirably printed. A capital Christmas gift-book.

Bird Keeping. With wood-cuts and coloured plates. By E. C. DYSON, author of "Domestic Pets," &c. London: Warne and Co.

THIS is a useful and compendious work on the practical management of singing and cage birds, with notes on birds generally, of all species and all countries. The illustrations are good, and the book will form a nice present for children who take an interest in birds.

Left to Themselves. A Boy's Adventures in Australia. By AUGUSTA MARVAT (London: Warne and Co.) is just the book to suit a school-boy. It is full of those adventures by flood and field in which boys delight, and the moral, though never obtrusively put forward, is sound and wholesome. The book is illustrated, and the subjects for the illustrations are well-chosen.

Aunt Louisa's Favourite Toy-Book (Warne and Co.) contains those famous nursery classics "Cinderella," "Red Riding Hood," "Old Mother Hubbard," and "Little Bo-peep," prettily and gorgeously illustrated in colours, from designs by Harrison Weir, W. Gunton, &c. This is a book which will elicit shrieks of delight and admiration in every nursery.

Aunt Louisa's Golden Gift (Warne and Co.) is intended for still younger readers than the foregoing, it comprises "Little Dame Crump," "Hush-a-bye Baby," "Childhood's Delight," "Tottie's Nursery Rhymes," with illustrations in colours and gold from original designs by M. Tilsley. Like the "Toy-book" it is handsomely bound and excellently printed, and altogether a delightful work for children under the age of say six years.

THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed—in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

CIVIL SERVICE VOLUNTEERS, ST. GEORGE'S HALL (November 30th).—The farce of *Chiselling* was the first item in the programme of this performance, and its principal character, Trotter, was played by Private W. W. Luff, who worked hard, and, to a certain extent, satisfactorily, though he hardly gave one the idea that low comedy was his forte. Sergeant Hillier, the Larkspur, was evidently afflicted with stage-fright, while the Dr. Stonecrop (Private Whiteman) seemed scarcely letter-perfect. Miss Blanche Marlborough played the landlady, Mrs. Piper, admirably, but Miss Kate Osborne, the Annie, seemed to be under the impression that her one duty was to laugh. After the farce came *Meg's Diversion* (so dear to amateurs), wherein Private C. W. A. Trollope unquestionably bore away the palm. His performance of the simple and kindly Jasper Pidgeon was really characteristic and good, though he hardly made enough of Jasper's grief in the first act when he discovers Meg's "practical joke," and his self-control and assumed mirth a little later on thus lost some of their effect. Lieutenant Gore Brown was a manly and an effective Roland Pidgeon, and Private Whiteman decidedly improved upon his performance in the farce, and was really exceedingly good as Ashley Merton, the philosopher with a desire to "create for himself." Sergeant Woods was rather the heavy villain of transpontine melodrama (with occasional bursts of a strong Yankee accent) than the rough farmer, Jeremy Crow; he certainly added a good deal to the comic element of the drama. Sergeant Allen played Eytam fairly. One could not have wished for a Cornelia more ladylike and graceful than Miss Grace Arden, but Miss Zoe Clifford, though her acting was really clever, hardly realised one's idea of the dashing young widow. Of Miss Lucy Williams I had to speak last week in terms of high, if not unqualified, praise, and in her *Meg* there was very much to admire, only—and it is hardly finding fault to make this criticism—the character is not one naturally well suited for her; she wants the reckless exuberance of animal spirits which are absolutely necessary to make pardonable Meg's behaviour to

Jasper in the first act. The evening's performance ended with the "Tragedy Rehearsed," from Sheridan's *Critic*. Private Trollope played Puff carefully and intelligently, I need hardly say, but quite without realising the airy, touchy, self-satisfied adventurer. Sergeant Batchelor, as Sner, made his few dry remarks in a most natural way; but Mr. W. W. Luff was not a particularly funny Whiskerandos. Of the others perhaps the best was the Governor (Sergeant Woods); and Lieutenant Percy James, the Earl of Leiceser, deserves an especial word of praise. The Beefeater, too (Mr. Eicke) was very good, but his "terrific combat" with Mr. Luff was by no means as thrilling as one would have thought two doughty volunteers might have made it. Miss Zoe Clifford's Tilburina I liked very much—she gave her mock heroic speeches with great effect; but why Miss Marlborough (the Confidante) got herself up in a manner so extraordinary I am unable to imagine. Finally, let me say that the entire performance showed signs of very careful rehearsal, and did great credit to the stage-manager, Mr. Trollope.

STROLLING PLAYERS, BIJOU (November 30th).—This performance (a private one) consisted of Byron's comedy, *Partners for Life*, and the one-act play, *Monsieur Jacques*; and very fairly both pieces were played. In the first piece a very large share of the work fell to Mr. Alfred Carpenter, who played Tom Gilroy very quietly, but with very great effect; his performance was thoroughly unassuming, artistic, and pleasant. The other "big part," that of the butler Muggles, was not nearly so well played; Mr. Eldred Halton's vulgarity had the worst of faults—it was not artistic, and therefore it was disagreeable. This is the first quality of art—to please us with the picture (and the faithful picture) of that which is unpleasant in real life. Mr. Claude Penley seemed to have put into the difficult part of Mr. Mervyn that which amateurs so rarely put into anything—a great deal of careful and original thought; his acting in the scene with Fanny Smith, in the last act, was noticeably good. The Ernest of Mr. Cecil Douglas was not an astonishing performance; but Mr. A. L. Burrell (capitally made up as Sir Archibald Drelincourt) showed, in a small part, a very true sense of character. Mr. Alfred Paterson (Major Billiter) had not much to do, but did it fairly; while Mr. William Paterson (Goppinger) had less to do, and did it—to be quite candid—dreadfully. Let me hasten to add that in the afterpiece he was extremely well made up, and acted better, but not well. For the ladies, Miss L. Wyld, the Fanny Smith, was remarkably natural, and (it almost follows) intelligent, and her performance throughout was graceful and refined. Miss Shuter, as Emily Mervyn, had very much less to do than one could have wished; in *Monsieur Jacques*, where her part was a more prominent one, it seemed, unluckily, less suited to her. To conclude, the Priscilla of Mrs. Maurice Davis was as energetic and characteristic as one could wish. In the afterpiece, Mr. Penley (as the hero) was hardly so good as in the comedy, but he showed very genuine pathos in at least one scene; and the representative of Sequence was about as bad as he could comfortably have been. Let me note that the Strolling Players' Club is in its fourth season, and that all its performances are private ones.

WINDSOR STROLLERS, Theatre Royal (November 29th).—The second of this club's two performances last week was made up of Sir Charles Young's powerful drama, *Shadows*, and the time-honoured *Whitebait at Greenwich*—a longish programme, which barely got itself over by midnight. *Shadows* is an extremely trying play for amateurs, but the Windsor Strollers, headed by the author of the piece in person, fairly justified their ambition by their success. Of course, the great difficulty in "casting" such a piece among amateurs is to find a lady with enough power and experience to carry through a part like that of the heroine (the Inez of the prologue and the Beatrice of the play); indeed, I imagine that, besides Mrs. Monckton, there cannot at most be more than one or two ladies in London at all equal to such a task. To Mrs. Monckton, however, the part seems really well suited—she can hardly have played anything better than this stern, remorseless, heartless woman: throughout the piece she never seemed to lack the force or the dignity requisite. The Lady Etheberge (Lady Young) was pleasant enough, but in no way striking. Sir Charles Young (the Stephen and Martin Iredell) played with a great deal of earnestness and vigour, and was picturesque, which is a great point gained; and Mr. Spalding (though perhaps a little rough here and there) made a decided hit as Rochester and Rochfort. Lieut.-Colonel Mildmay (as Roland Fleming and Colonel Marwood) seemed quite out of his line—he did not give one the idea that he at all appreciated the requirements of the part; and the Charles the Second and Auberon (Mr. Bingham) were—or should I say was?—very colourless and uninteresting. Lastly, Mr. Barrington Foote made what was almost the hit of the piece as Farquhar, the man who is always going to sleep: it was a genuine little bit of comedy. Then came a thing in which a first-rate company of amateurs can certainly beat, with careful rehearsal and a good stage, the professionals who at many London theatres are set to do such work. After the dreary, vulgar performances with which audiences are often played in or played out, it is a relief indeed to be able to laugh at the spirited fun of ladies and gentlemen—and I need scarcely say how *Whitebait at Greenwich* was kept going by Mr. Quintin Twiss (the John Small of the evening, and a capital one), Mr. Spalding as Grimmer, Mr. Gooch as Buzzard, Mrs. Wrottesley, and Miss Helmore.

PHILOTHESPIANS, Kingston Drill Hall (December 3rd).—A lost train, I am sorry to say, lost me also the first part of this performance—the comedietta, *Cut Off with a Shilling*, in which, as I afterwards heard, Mr. C. P. Colnaghi distinguished himself by playing the important part of Colonel Berners at two or three hours' notice, as its intended representative could not appear. The other characters were played by Miss Ada Dallas and Mr. W. Hallward. *Plot and Passion* came next—stagiest and trickiest of plays. Its performance at first promised well, but towards the end some want of rehearsal was apparent, added to which the audience was probably the stupidest ever collected, and roared with unaffected merriment at nearly all the pathos. From this Mr. George H. Phillips (the Desmarests) was the greatest sufferer, though he worked tremendously hard at a part physically rather too much for him, and really did wonders with his soliloquy in Act I. Mr. William Glindon, as Henri de Neuville, was much too mild till he had reached almost the very end, and then came out astonishingly, and acted exceedingly well. Of the Fouché there is but one thing to be said. All amateur Fouchés are exactly alike, except that some are very bad and some are not; and nearly all wear a great deal too much crinoline. I can only say that Mr. Myer's was *not* among the very bad, and did not wear very much too much crinoline. Mr. Colnaghi was singularly well fitted as De Cevennes; and showed that he could pronounce French and listen on the stage—qualities rare among amateurs. His costume in Act I, might, I thought, have been brighter and lighter. Mr. O. Purkis was a very funny Jabot, and the audience screamed over the elementary jokes of Grisbouille, satisfactorily given by Mr. Conrad J. Davis. Miss Minnie Williams was very nice as Cecile, and Miss Lucy Williams played Marie de Fontanges—probably one of the most trying parts that exist. That Miss Williams has power enough for this part is hardly likely; but if she has, she has not at present sufficient experience to enable her to use it. But the performance was from end to end one of much intelligence and great charm; and it seems almost certain that (whether or no Marie de Fontanges be one of them)

there are many leading parts which will some day be well within the compass of this very interesting and promising actress.

ST. JOHN'S AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY, NOTTINGHAM (November 26th).—A correspondent informs me that this "rising society of amateurs" performed the drama *Meg's Diversion*, and that "all the characters were marvellously well sustained. Mrs. Netwell perhaps deserved especial mention, but between the other artists there could scarcely be any choice made." Nottingham is indeed fortunate.

COMING EVENTS.—December 7th, St. George's Hall (Roman): *Bengal Tiger* and *Plot and Passion*. December 9th, Aquarium: *Honeymoon* and *Ugly Customer*. December 10th, 11th, and 12th, Athenaeum, Camden-road: *Apple Blossoms*. December 11th, Stratford Town Hall: *Uncle's Will*, *Auld Acquaintance*, and *Chiselling*. December 12th, Bijou (Roscius): *All that Glitters is not Gold* and *Weeds*. December 14th, Chatham Lecture Hall (Victoria D.C.): *Done on Both Sides* and *Love Wins*.

SALE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.—(From a Correspondent) —A very successful dress performance was given on Friday evening, the 29th ult., by the members of the above society, in the Drill Room, Sale, Cheshire (by the kind permission of the officers of the 28th C.R.V.), before a crowded and highly appreciative audience. The entertainment commenced with Sheridan's *Rivals*, and we were apprehensive that, notwithstanding the fact that the society can boast of a few members possessed of more than ordinary ability as amateurs in the histrionic art, reminiscences of the perfect rendering of this charming comedy by the Haymarket company, in its best days, would cause a comparison to be made by the audience which would be fatal to the performance; but with actors letter-perfect, good stage management, lady-professional assistance, good dresses, &c., its success was assured. If in one or two instances the *dramatis personae* were slightly arm-tied and staid, the smart action of the piece pulled them through their defects. Mr. A. T. Forrest was fairly good in Sir Anthony, but he evidently entertained an impression that the part was too much for him. Mr. R. Daniel, as the Captain, showed a marked improvement on his last year's performance, and, even with Mr. Farren and Mr. Kendal in our mind's eye, we must acknowledge that he looked the character. Mr. Arthur Poole's conception and rendering of Sir Lucius was admirable, being probably one of the most effective and meritorious performances in the piece. Messrs. Towle, Rumsey, and Atkinson as Bob Acres, Fag, and David invested their parts with all the droll humour so necessary to their proper delineation. The thankless part of Faulkland, the carping misanthropist, was a careful study by Mr. Pagden, but he seemed to feel it was out of his rôle of character, and hence was not as successful as he would have doubtless desired. The entertainment concluded with Williams's farce of *My Turn Next*, in which Mr. W. Rumsey as Taraxicum Twitters (a village apothecary) had a part admirably adapted to his powers, to which he gave free scope, and being well supported by Mr. J. H. Atkinson as Tim Bolus (his professional assistant), those two gentlemen kept a delighted audience in roars of laughter. Of the lady professionals it is only necessary to say they acquitted themselves in the most satisfactory manner—in fact, the assistance of such a sterling actress as Mrs. Bickerstaffe would add lustre to any performance. The Altrincham Amateur Orchestral Society materially added to the evening's entertainments by the performance of a selection of music in capital style. The costumes, supplied by T. Burkinshaw, of Liverpool, were in excellent taste.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A MISPRINT.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

SIR,—In your impression of to-day, in your critique of the Duke's Theatre, you say, "Captain Amersfoot is impersonated by Mr. H. L. Haines." Allow me to state that the rôle is impersonated by your obedient servant, H. L. HUMES.

Duke's Theatre, Holborn, Nov. 30, 1878.

FROM TOPSY-TURVEY LAND.

SIR,—Allow me to correct a few statements made in your paper, viz., Cyrille Dion, the great billiard-player, died in Montreal, not in New York, as you have it. Courtney and Hanlon Boat-race: your paper says, "An immense crowd witnessed the contest on the Lachine," &c. There is no such river as the Lachine in Canada. The race was rowed on the St. Lawrence at Lachine. Again, about cricket, "At Detroit the Australians gave the Quebec twenty-two a rare dressing," &c. Now Detroit happens to be in the State of Michigan in the United States; therefore the Quebec twenty-two could not have played there. It was in Montreal that the Australians beat the Quebec men, that is, the men of the province of Quebec.—Yours truly,

A. CAMPBELL.

St. Hilaire, province of Quebec, Canada, Nov. 17, 1878.

MESSRS. SANGER'S PANTOMIME, 1878-79.

SIR,—May I request you to kindly contradict the following error which appeared in your issue of November 23, viz., the lady therein mentioned is not specially engaged for the Prince in *Cinderella*, but, yours truly,

BELLA RICHMOND.

THE LOVE THAT DIDN'T LIVE.

MR. AND MRS. MAUDSLEY were pronounced by the world's verdict to be indeed a happy pair. They had lived and loved together, and the devoted affection of Mrs. Maudsley for her husband was, to all appearances, beyond question. There never had been, or never could be, another man in her eyes like handsome John Maudsley, and she never tired of singing his praises. But alack and alas! one dreadful day the poor fellow was stricken down by fever, and the medical man who was called in shook his head sorrowfully when asked to pronounce upon his patient's case. Poor Mrs. Maudsley was like a creature bereft of reason. She convulsively clutched the doctor, and besought him to give her one ray of hope. "Oh, doctor, doctor! What shall I do if he dies? He is my life—my all! There is not a creature on this earth that I know or care for besides my darling—my devoted husband. Oh, doctor, doctor—what shall I do?"

Within a few days John Maudsley died!

Ere eight months had passed Mrs. Maudsley married again. So the doctor thought and said that it seemed to him that the lady knew very well what to do.

LORD SEFTON and party, who have recently been shooting over the A tear and Croxteth estates, are reported to have met with really wonderful success. In five days over 6,000 head of game fell to six guns, including 2,423 pheasants, 1,304 of which were shot in the Croxteth preserves, and 1,119 on the Altcar plains.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. E. K.—Many thanks for your very pretty problem.

J. S.—We have attended to your wishes.

J. MASON.—Your game is very acceptable.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 212 by the Painter of Shepherd's Bush is correct.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 213, by J. G., R. T. W., J. M., and Juvenis, are correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 211.

WHITE.

1. Q to K 8

2. Q to R 5 (mate)

(a) If P takes Kt, K to B 7 (dis. mate); if Black plays any other move, K to Kt 6 mates.

BLACK.

K takes Kt (a)

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 212.

WHITE.

1. Q to K 4

2. P to Q 4 (mate).

3. P to Kt 4 (mate).

4. Kt takes Q (mate).

5. B takes R (mate).

BLACK.

B takes Q, or Kt (a)

Q to K 8 (b)

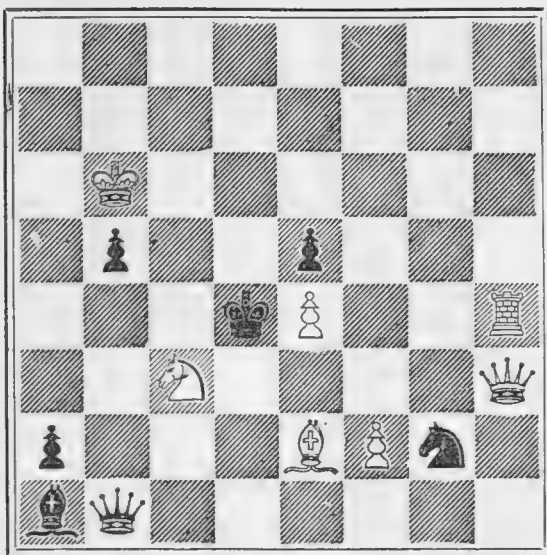
Q takes Kt P (ch) (c)

R to K 2 (ch)

PROBLEM No. 214.

By H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

A LIVELY little game played some months since at Purcell's, Cornhill, between Mr. Blackburne and a strong amateur:—
[Allgaier Gambit].

WHITE. (Mr. Blackburne) BLACK. (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4 P to K 4
2. P to K B 4 P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3 P to Kt 4
4. P to K R 4 P to Kt 5
5. Kt to K 5 P to Q 3 (a)
6. Kt takes Kt P R to K 2
7. P to Q 4 B takes R P (ch)
8. Kt to B 2 R to Kt 6
9. Kt to B 3 Kt to Q B 3
10. B to K 2 Kt to B 3
11. Castles (b) P to K R 4
12. Kt to Q 3 Kt takes K P (c)
13. R takes P Kt takes Kt
14. P takes Kt H takes R
15. B takes B Q to B 3
16. Q to Q 2 Kt takes Q P (d)
17. P takes Kt Q takes P (ch)
WHITE. (Mr. Blackburne) BLACK. (Mr. W.)
18. Q to K 3 (ch) Q takes Q
19. B takes Q B to K 3
20. B to B 3 Castles Q R
21. B takes R P (e) P to Kt 3
22. P to R 4 P to Q 4
23. P to R 5 K to Kt 2
24. P takes P P takes P
25. Kt to Kt 4 R to Q 3 (f)
26. P to B 4 K R to Q sq
27. P takes P B to Kt 5
28. B to K 4 P to B 4
29. B to Q 3 R takes P
30. B to R 6 (ch) K to B 2
31. Kt takes R (ch) R takes Kt
32. R to B sq (ch) R to B 4
33. R takes R P takes R
34. B takes P, and wins.

(a) This old-fashioned move is not to be despised; it is, indeed, inferior to B to Kt 2, but it generally leads to lively positions, and requires great care on the part of the respondent.

(b) A dangerous experiment, for which he ought to have paid a larger penalty than that inflicted by his generous opponent.

(c) Pretty; but Kt to Kt 5 would have been more effective.

(d) R to K 3 was his proper course here.

(e) The manner in which White provides for the ultimate escape of this Bishop from imprisonment is very clever.

(f) If R to Q R sq, White would have won thus—

WHITE. BLACK.
26. Kt takes P R takes B
27. Kt to Kt 4 (dis. ch), winning the R.
If instead of R takes B, Black plays B takes Kt, then also White wins thus—
27. B takes B (ch) K to B 2
28. B takes R R takes B
29. B takes P (ch)

The following game was played at Sheffield between Mr. E. Thorold (one of our prettiest players) and another strong amateur:—

[Scotch Gambit].

WHITE. (Mr. Q.) BLACK. (Mr. Thorold)
1. P to K 4 P to K 4
2. P to Q 4 P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3 Kt to Q B 3
4. H to B 4 H to R 4
5. Castles P to Q 3
6. P to B 3 (a) P to Kt 5
7. P to Q Kt 4 R to Kt 3
8. P to Kt 5 (b) B takes Kt
9. P takes B (c) Kt to K 4
WHITE. (Mr. Q.) BLACK. (Mr. Thorold)
10. H to K 2 P takes P
11. P to K B 4 Kt to Kt 3
12. Kt takes P Q to R 5
13. Kt to Q 5 Kt to K B 3
14. Kt takes K B Q R takes Kt
15. B to B 3 (d) Kt takes B P
16. B takes Kt Q takes B
17. K to R sq (e) R to R 6
18. B to Kt 7 Kt to Kt 5
and wins.

(a) Weak, on account of Anderssen's reply as here made by Black.

(b) P to Q R 4, followed by P to Kt 3, affords the best chance of obtaining something like an attack.

(c) B takes B P (ch) was his best course.

(d) P to K 5 would have enabled him to prolong his ignoble existence.

(e) He ought to have employed his lazy Queen by posting her at Q 3.

MR. CARL ROSA has engaged for a season of eight months, in London and the English provinces, a gentleman who has passed in Italy as a baritone, named Giacomo Olmi. It is a pity Mr. Carl Rosa has to go to Italy for a baritone, and still more a pity that a baritone who speaks English should feel it necessary to adopt the hardly pronounceable name of "Giacomo Olmi."—*Figaro*.

It is said on good authority, that after many threats—on one side or the other—to that effect, Dr. Arthur Sullivan will shortly sever his connection with the Royal Academy of Music. Discords arising from the simultaneous existence of two rival music training schools, in both of which he takes a leading part, are said to be the cause of this misfortune to one of the establishments.

At the last monthly meeting of the Royal Society of Musicians, fifteen guineas were voted for the fund being raised for the widow and child of the late meritorious vocalist, Mr. Wadmore, and £20 for the Edwin Ellis Fund.

SPORTING FIXTURES.

FLAT RACING, 1879.

MARCH.

Lincoln 24, 25, 26 | Liverpool 27, 28

APRIL.

Northampton 1, 2 | Manchester 14, 15 | Epsom Spring 22, 23
Warwick Spring 3, 4 | Durham 14, 15 | Sandown Park Second Spring 24, 25
Croydon 3, 4 | Newmarket Cr. 15, 16, 17 | Newmarket 1st Spring 29 to May 2
Thirsk 3, 4 | Lichfield 16, 17
Nottingham 8, 9 | Catterick Bridge 17, 18

MAY.

Ludlow Club 1, 2 | Newmarket Second | York 20, 21
Chester 6, 7, 8 | Spring 13, 14, 15 | Salisbury 22, 23
Ipswich 7, 8 | Lewes 16, 17 | Harpenden 23
Alexandra Pk. Sp. 9, 10 | Bath 20, 21 | Epsom, Sum. 27, 28, 29, 30

JUNE.

Croydon 2, 3 | Ascot 10, 11, 12, 13 | Newcastle 24, 25, 26
Redcar 2, 3 | Windsor 17, 18 | Bilbury Club 25
Manchester 3, 4, 5, 6 | Newton 17, 18, 19 | Stockbridge 26, 27
Sandown Park 5, 6 | Hampton 19, 20

JULY.

Newmarket 1, 2, 3, 4 | Liverpool 8, 9, 10 | Sandown Park 24, 25
Sutton Park 1, 2 | Hunt. ngdon 22, 23 | Goodwood 29 to Aug. 1
Carlisle 1, 2

AUGUST.

Croydon 4 | Egham 12, 13 | Stockton 20, 21
Ripon 4, 5 | Redcar 14, 15 | Oxford 21, 22
Brighton 5, 6, 7 | Windsor 14, 15 | York 25, 26, 27
Lewes 8, 9 | Sutton Park 19, 20 | Weymouth 25, 26

SEPTEMBER.

Richmond 2, 3 | Doncaster 9 to 12 | Newmarket 1st October 23 to 26
Warwick 2, 3 | Lichfield Autumn 16, 17 | Kelso 30, 31
Croydon 4, 5 | Manchester 18 to 20 | Nottingham 30 to 31
Derby 4, 5 | Alexandra Park 19, 20

OCTOBER.

Leicester 2, 3 | Newcastle 11, 12, 13 | Newmarket H. 20 to 25
Newmarket Second October 6 to 10 | Sandown Park Autumn 16, 17 | Brighton 28, 29, 30
Croydon 14, 15 | Lincoln 30, 31, Nov. 1

NOVEMBER.

Liverpool 4 to 6 | Derby 11 to 14 | Warwick Nov. 17, 18, 19
Alexandra Park 7, 8 | Shrewsbury 11 to 14 | Manchester 17 to 20

IRISH.—1879.

JANUARY.

Metropolitan 1

APRIL.

Metropolitan Spring 1, 2

MAY.

Metropolitan Summer 13, 14

SEPTEMBER.

Metropolitan Autumn 16, 17

STEEPLECHASE, HURDLE, & HUNT FIXTURES.

DECEMBER.

Sandown 3, 4 | Bromley 10, 11 | Kingsbury 12, 13, 14

1879.

JANUARY.

Manchester 1, 2

FEBRUARY.

Carmarthenshire 5, 6 | Croydon 18, 19 | Sandown Park, 27, 28, 29

Birmingham 11, 12

MARCH.

Croydon 11, 12 | Lincoln 24, 25, 26 | Liverpool 27, 28

APRIL.

Croydon 3, 4

MAY.

Ludlow 1, 2 | Ipswich 7, 8

COURSING FIXTURES.

DECEMBER.

Name.	Judge.	Slipper.	Date.
Colesbourne (Cheltenham) Open	Mr Wentworth	E. Moore	10, 11
Southminster Open	Mr Warwick	A. Luff	10 &c
Kidway Club (Lytham)	Mr Hedley	J. Wilkinson	11
Sussex Club	Mr Wentworth	A. Nailard	12, 13
Halston	Mr Warwick		14
Johnstown Club, Ireland	Mr Warwick	C. Hoysted	17, 18
Malton	Mr Hedley	Mr Bosomworth	18 &c
Dunlavin	Mr Warwick		18, 19
South Essex Club	Mr Wentworth	A. Nailard	19

JANUARY, 1879.

Ludham Club	Mr Warwick		2, 3
Rufford Open	Mr Hedley	T. Wilkinson	2 &c
North of England Club (Fenton)	Mr Hedley	T. Bootiman	9, 10
South Essex Club	Mr Warwick	A. Nailard	14
Altcar Club			15 &c
Upper Nithdale (Thornhill)	Mr Wentworth		23, 24
Kidway Club (Lytham)	Mr Hedley	T. Wilkinson	29

FEBRUARY.

North of England Club (Rainton)	Mr Hedley	T. Bootiman	4, 5
Dirleton and North Berwick	Mr Hay	D. Johnstone	4 &c
Plumpton	Mr Wentworth	A. Nailard	4 &c
Sussex Cup	Mr Wentworth	A. Nailard	13, 14
Waterloo Cup			19 &c
South Essex Club	Mr Warwick	A. Nailard	20
North of England Club (Eslington)	Mr Hedley	T. Bootiman	27, 28

MARCH.

South Essex Club	Mr Wentworth	A. Nailard	6
Johnstown	Mr Warwick	C. Hoysted	6, 7

OCTOBER.

Carmichael Open	Mr Wentworth		23 &c
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REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

DECEMBER.

7.—Trial Eights, Cambridge.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

7.—Higgins and Elliott—£400 (Championship), Tyne.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

THE GUN CLUB, NOTTING HILL.

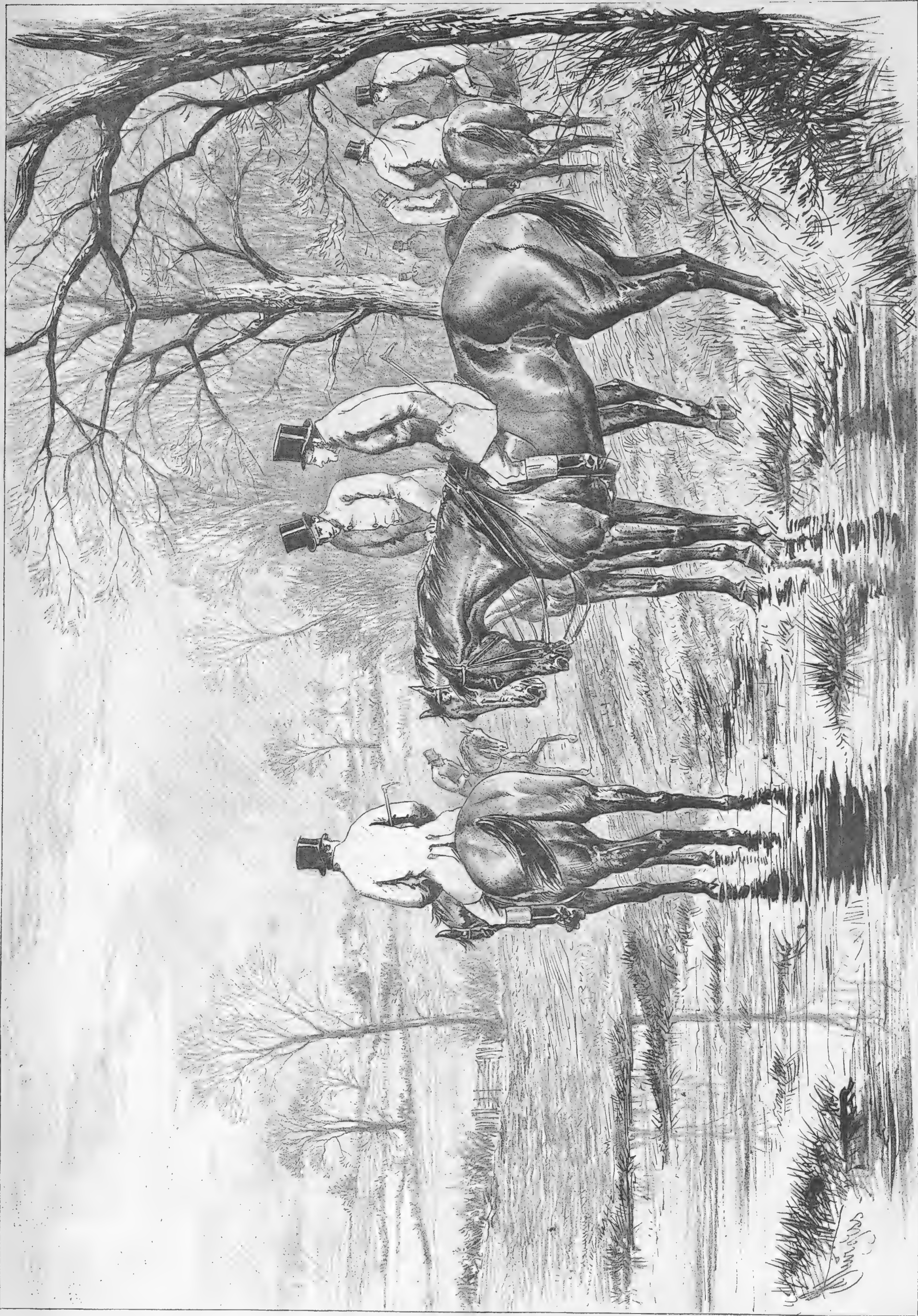
Day.	Time.	Competition.
Saturday, 1878.	7.—	£15 Cup, 23 yards, 7 birds.
Wednesday,	11.—	Winter Cup, fourth competition.
Saturday,	14.—	£3 Handicap, £15 Cup, 23 yards, £3 stakes, 5 birds for each event.
Wednesday,	18.—	Winter Cup, fifth competition.
Saturday,	21.—	£3 Handicap, 7 birds.
Saturday,	28.—	£15 Cup, 27 yards, £3 stakes, 7 birds.
Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1879.	1.—	Winter Cup, sixth competition.
Saturday,	4.—	£15 Cup, £3 Handicap, 7 birds.
Saturday,	11.—	If the Winter Cup be not won previous to this date all winners of former competitions to shoot off for it, with accumulated stakes, at their respective handicap distances.

DOG SHOWS.

DECEMBER.

Swansea.—Mr. John F. Harvey, Secretary 12
Alexandra Palace (Kennel Club Show).—Mr. G. Lowe, Secretary 12 to 16
Stoke-on-Trent.—Mr. R. C. Clark, Hon. Secretary 18, 19
Kendal.—Messrs. Atkinson and Cockshall, Secretaries, Kendal. Entries close Nov. 30 19 to 21

MR. MACKENZIE in his newly-published pamphlet introduces, as bearing upon the controversy now raging as to the justness or injustice of our war against Afghan, the following anecdote:—An Englishwoman and a Scotchwoman were talking on the eve of a battle in India. "God preserve the right," said the Englishwoman. "May the Devil take you for such a wish," cried the indignant Scotchwoman. "The Lord preserve Huntley's regiment, whether they are right or wrong!"



ENTHUSIASTS IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

In that glorious combination of talent, Beaumont and Fletcher, I think it is recorded that Beaumont's duties consisted in curbing



Fancy portrait of Mr Albery

the indecencies of Fletcher—in fact, he acted as a kind of private Lord Chamberlain to the firm. In the same way a glorious combination has taken place between Messrs. James Albery and Joseph Hatton. Mr. Joseph Hatton is the curber in the case; of course not for a moment should it rest upon your mind that his duties consist in curbing the indecencies of Mr. Albery's work—there are none. He could not write an improper line. (Pretty soul!) No. Mr. Joseph Hatton's curbing is brought to bear on any attempt at dramatic power, natural humour, or knowledge of character that Mr. Albery might display, and in No. 20; or, *the Bastille of Calvados*! Mr. Joseph Hatton has done his work well. In fact, this "new and original romantic drama" (the title of which, by-the-bye, had to be altered twice, the other two having been used before!) seems as though the curber had quietly taken the work of Mr. Albery, and wiped the slate clean, and then supplied the work himself. There are about half-a-dozen lines in the whole four acts that bear any resemblance to Mr. Albery's work, while the entire lumbering bulk proclaims mediocrity and Hatton as loudly as it could. The thing might have passed muster at the "Vic," or even the Standard, without eliciting anything but applause and whistling, but in such a theatre as the Princess's, with such a gathering as presented itself there on Saturday, the result could only be deplorable. From the very outset it could be seen that something rich was in store.

possible, so as to form part of the pictures about to be exhibited. The first of these pictures was the wedding procession, with chorus singing songs of joy, which fail to awaken Mr. Barnes, who but a moment ago had thrown himself down across a couple of benches to sleep. The bride (blushing and beautiful), led by the bridegroom (old and decrepid), walked under a canopy borne on four poles by faithful servitors. The old gentleman's bridal costume was a great success; indeed, I know of nothing like it since Mr. Terry introduced his famous white satin suit of modern cut in *Nemesis*. The second of these pictures was the old gentleman coming to the ruined chapel to pray at the tomb of Nemours, still in his airy costume, and where he is very rudely slogged by Mr. Charles Warner, who has assumed a ha-ha-no-matter part!—let us hope for this occasion only. So they went on until the grand triumph of the evening came about. This was the interior of the Bastille, with the little cells in a row, and the forward Duchess determined to rescue Neron, who is languishing in "No. 20" for the murder of the old gentleman in the gay costume. Her plan was simple and amusing. In an earlier scene she had exhibited a red petticoat, round and round which she had sewn a rope. She then comes (of course in disguise, à la *Pink Dominoes*) to have a little bit of quiet "booze" and some cake with the captain of the Bastille in one of the cells! He shows her into one while he runs to fetch the refreshments. Here she drops her petticoat



Mr Warner in a beggarly part.

she insists on sending some cake to the prisoner. This she wraps in a large document explaining in what way he is to escape. Then when the cake has been handed through the wicket of the cell in which Neron and the petticoat are resting, the scene alters, and a



Fancy portrait of Mr Hatton

series of stage effects are gone through, which combine most of the popular means of escape adopted by the heroes of all Mr. Boucicault's Irish dramas rolled into one. The only thing that showed true originality in this matter was shooting at Neron, as he does the leap of Harvey Duff, with a huge cannon. The authors should have arranged something of the Zazel trick here—the nets, we were told, had been stretched by the fishermen for his reception. It might have added somewhat to the effect if Mr. Barnes, who played Neron, had crept into the cannon to hide, and then the man who fires the cannon might say—"Aw, you raddy!" Answer from cannon, "Yes!" Then "Go!"—and Mr. Barnes might have been shot into the nets below with tolerable effect. There then followed a little bit of Richard III. business between Mr. Warner (on a couch) and his conscience (apparently all over the place). After that nothing could be better than a Punchinello ballet, into which you expected to see Mr. Warner bound as clown, the gaily-dressed Duke hobble on as pantaloons, and Mr. Barnes come pirouetting as harlequin, while Miss Fowler as columbine did a skipping-rope dance in a red petticoat. I was very nervous for Mr. Harry Jackson during the piece. He, of course did a "comic" lawyer, which gave great satisfaction—to himself, but I must say I expected, momentarily expected, that ginger-bee; bottle would wing its way across the house from the gallery to the



The Supper Scene from "Number Twenty" or *Pink Dominoes* in Morning.

The group of penny-plain-twopence-coloured fishermen talking over the marriage at that moment proceeding between the Duke de Nemours, the rich nobleman of the piece, and the lovely Blanche, daughter of the Chevalier Longueville, the poor nobleman of the piece. That they felt their duty to be that of looking as "super"-unnatural as

with the rope in it, and coming out, and objecting to the apartment on the ground of chilliness, she suggests that a cell that has been recently occupied will be warmer, and the gay captain, with a "Bless her pretty heart," gives way to her whim, and transfers Neron to the cell occupied by the petticoat. Then the designing little minx, no sooner does the captain get seated, than

stage: It will come one day; so Mr. Jackson look out—I warn you. I hope Mr. Gooch will do better over the captive balloon, when he shows it than he will over the windbag he is exhibiting at the Princess's. As for the authors, "No. 20" is quite worthy of Hatton, but Albery ought to be ashamed of his connection with it.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

IN accordance with the intention I expressed in last week's letter, I on Friday evening last sojourned west to St. James's Hall, where the London Athletic Club were celebrating their tenth annual *assaut d'armes*: but before I proceed to discuss the programme I may as well remind my readers that in another portion of the paper our popular artist has given delineations of the most prominent features. Sharp to the time appointed, Sergeants Hyatt, Chesterton, Wright, and Weaver made their appearance, and gave an admirable display on the horizontal bar, which gave general satisfaction, as did their performance later on in the parallel bar exercise.

Boxing, of course, was a feature, but the pairs were badly arranged. I was in a state bordering upon insanity when I saw two such grand exponents as Mr. J. H. Douglas, middle-weight champion 1875-'76-'77, and Professor "Ned" Donnelly opposed to the contortionist air weaver, Mr. A. F. Bassano, and Mr. H. D. V. Begbie, neither of the last two being within tons of their opponents' form; however, Messrs. H. G. Brinsmead and G. C. Todd were better matched, and the spectators seemed highly delighted with their give and take bout.

To my mind the treat of the evening was the foil contest between Professor J. M. Waite and Mr. A. Rougemont. The veteran's form requires no eulogism at my pen, but the amateur deserves especial *Kudos*, and he could hold his own with many professionals. Corporal-Major Grieves, 2nd Life Guards, with sabre, opposed Chief Instructor Adams, Aldershot Gymnasium, with spring bayonet, and the latter also engaged Sergeant-Major Briant in bayonet v. bayonet with the skill for which they are so celebrated.

Professor J. Dean, late fencing instructor to the 2nd Life Guards, was too good a long way for Captain H. C. Ward, of the London Rifle Brigade, with foils. The latter seems to me to imagine he is dancing and not fencing, and if he would recollect that it is not advantageous to his own interest to lean his body over his right knee in every attack he makes, and that his left foot should not fly recklessly after the other, he would not only make a prettier picture, but would also conform to the rules of fencing. Corporal Newton, 1st Life Guards, was kept at his work when practising quarterstaff play with Mr. G. P. Rogers, who I think was the first to introduce this into the L.A.C. programme, whilst the veteran ex-Trooper J. Otterway had no mean opponent in Mr. H. G. Brinsmead, with the sticks. Mr. C. G. Cudby, with the light, and Corporal Blackburn, 2nd Life Guards, with the heavy, clubs, were at once graceful and energetic, whilst the sword feats of Corporal Macpherson, Royal Horse Guards Blue, who sliced oranges, indiarubber balls, ribbon, bars of lead, &c., and severed a sheep with the greatest nonchalance, highly amused the company. By-the-bye, though, I should like to see these said "muttons" partake more of the country maiden than the fashionable young lady at the place where they are sliced through.

As a *piece de résistance*, just previous to the interval, the executive had arranged a grand spectacular effect. To the tune of the "British Grenadiers," Sergeants, Burr, Wake, Burt, and Barber, 2nd Life Guards, led the way on to the stage, followed by Sergeant-Major Coventry and three others, of the 17th Lancers; Instructor D. W. Simpson, and twelve of the First Battalion Grenadier Guards; Sergeant-Instructor J. Flanagan and twelve of the 49th Middlesex R.V.; Instructor Jones Walving and eight fine specimens of the British Tar from H.M.S. President; and Assistant Sergeant-Major Clark and half-a-dozen of the 36th Middlesex R.V., all in turn went through different set exercises. It is needless for me to say the Regulars were perfect, but the Volunteers seemed nervous; while Sergeant Flanagan must have been giving his men punishment drill, for the "lâches" of the one who having made one mistake followed it up by half-a-dozen more as he kept at work, until the display was tedious. To the strains of the war-song, "We don't want to fight," they left the stage amidst cheers. Of the arrangements, under the especial supervision of Messrs. James and William Waddell, I need scarcely say they were as near perfection as possible.

On Saturday last the curtain fell on the closing scene of the metropolitan athletic season proper with the London A.C. meeting at Stamford Bridge. Although the weather was unfavourable there was a good company. H. H. Sturt easily beat H. Crossly for the Quarter of a Mile Challenge Cup, in 52 4-5 sec. C. Hazen Wood and H. Venn, jun., were unopposed for the One Mile Running and Seven Miles Walking Challenge Cups. R. S. Oliver, with 13 yards, was pitchforked in the 100 Yards Members Handicap; F. W. Robinson, L.A.C., 15 yards, won the Open Quarter; M. Smith, L.A.C., 35sec, the Two Miles Open Steeple Chase Handicap; and H. L. Cortis, Wanderers B.C., from scratch, took the Two Miles Open Bicycle Handicap with ridiculous ease. Time, 6min 30sec.

Cross-country runs were held by the Clapton Beagles, West London Harriers, and Isledon Harriers in the metropolitan district, whilst in the provinces the Longsight Harriers, Queen's Park Hare and Hounds, and Aston-on-Mersey Harriers, *cum multis aliis*, were busy, but ordinary runs I cannot find space for.

Only a poor muster put in an appearance last Saturday at the Balliol College (Oxford) Sports. M. R. Portal won the Hundred Yards in 10 2-5sec, by six inches only from Sir S. B. Crossley; the 250 Yards Handicap (from scratch) in 27 2-5sec, the Wide Jump at 18ft 2 1/2in, and was second in Putting the Shot to J. Twigg, who won at 27ft 5in. Hon. W. M. Bruce won the Quarter of a Mile Handicap from scratch; H. C. Bourne, 150 yards, easily took the One Mile Handicap; S. Wade the High Jump; A. F. Adams, 40 yards' start, the 600 Yards Handicap for boating men, and H. A. Russell the Two Miles. The Strangers' Race—a 120 yards hurdle handicap—fell to G. P. C. Lawrence, 13 yards' start, in 17 3-5sec.

New College Sports closed the Oxford athletic season on Wednesday last, and the Weight-putting will cause it often to be referred to next spring, F. W. Pattenden winning at 29ft 1 1/2in, whilst the second man, P. Raynor, was only beaten by five inches. F. R. Benson won the Mile in a canter, A. J. Ryle the Hundred and Quarter, D. Cousins the Hurdles, High Jump, and Wide Jump, H. R. Reynolds the 220 Yards Handicap, with 12 yards, and the Half-mile Handicap, with 70 yards.

Of all the gymnastic displays of the year that promoted annually by the German Society at the Gymnasium in the St. Pancras-road stands first. As the meeting at the time of writing is only partially decided, I will leave further comment until next week.

Very busy indeed were the rowing fraternity at Cambridge on Saturday last. Ainslie's crew won the Pembroke trial eights; Hubbersty's the St. Catherine's trial eights; Isaacson's, the Trinity Hall eights. Nine crews took part in Christ's College fours, and Cutfield's proved the victors, whilst Neile's lot carried off a similar competition in connection with Trinity Hall; Lady Margaret rowed their trial eights in two divisions, Stewart and Loveday stroking the winning crews.

On Saturday next the Oxford trial eights take place at Moulsey. It is not necessary for me to give a list of the crews, as the chopping and changing, as I write, have not been abandoned. I fancy Mulgan's crew will prove victors.

George Tarryer and W. Spencer were on Tuesday evening

matched, for £200 a-side, to row from Putney Aqueduct to the Ship at Mortlake, on Tuesday, the 8th of next April.

Wallace Ross, the Nova Scotia sculler, is expected in England shortly. The Editor of the *Manchester Sporting Chronicle*, who was resident in the States for some time, and is always well posted in affairs "across the streak," says: "It is rumoured on the other side of the 'herring pond' that a match with Lumsden or Blackman would just about suit him. It is not the least unlikely thing in the world that he is coming to get a line for Hanlon."

Not being like that well-known bird, I could not get as far as the Freemason's Hotel, Clapham Junction, on Wednesday week, when George Collins and A. Davies played an exhibition 1,000. The latter was in rare form; he was in receipt of 300 points, and won by 431.

Fred. Bennett showed real good form on Tuesday evening, when he played T. Bolding 1,000 up, conceding him 350 points, at the saloon attached to Mr. J. Stephens's well-known hostelry, the Plough Hotel, Lewisham Junction. Rapidly putting together such useful breaks as 52 (16 spots), 23 (7 spots), 48 (16 spots), 101 (31 spots), 37 (10 spots), and 37 (6 spots), Fred. at the interval was 600 to 631, Bolding having just previously recovered the lead he had lost at 568 by means of a neatly-played 53.

After the interval, despite the noisy behaviour of a person who should have known better, which put the players off their game, the result was not long in arriving, Fred. winning, despite some very nice play on the part of Bolding, by 179 points, mainly through a grand break of 103, which was so well played that I give it *in extenso*. He started a white loser, following this up thus:—Cannon (very grand), red loser, red loser, red loser, white loser, white loser, white loser, red winner, ten spots, red loser, white loser, cannon, red winner, ten spots, cannon, cannon, red loser, white loser, white loser, breaking down at a difficult red losing hazard in the top right-hand corner pocket.

Anyone who, like myself, is partial to a suburban jaunt cannot do better than run down to the Princess of Wales Hotel, Blackheath, on Monday next, when Fred. Bennett and Bolding play their return match, the latter with 350 in 1,000, for a "tenner" a-side. It will be a tight fit and worth witnessing, and therefore I won't give my usual tip, although I have a fancy.

Joseph Bennett's challenge to concede 300 points in 3,000 has been accepted by T. Taylor, and to-morrow (Friday) they meet to arrange preliminaries. I think Bennett is a moral.

"Dick" Dunn's handicap is progressing favourably, the second round being now over.

If my readers are anxious to see good billiards they cannot do better than make a pilgrimage to the Baynard Castle in Queen Victoria-street, where an American Tournament is being played under the management of Fred Bennett. Up to Wednesday evening Collins had won all his games, Joseph Bennett, Fred Bennett, and George Hunt each lost one game out of four, A. Hughes has won two games, D. Richards one, and Wilson and Davies have not scored a win.

Play commenced last Saturday, when F. Bennett, 50, beat A. Davies, 125, by 230 points in 58min; Joseph Bennett, scratch, beat R. Wilson, 125, by 370 in 37min; G. Hunt, 100, beat D. Richards, 100, by 293 in 65min; and G. Collins, 50, beat A. Hughes, 100, by 21 in 50min.

On Monday Hughes beat Wilson by 12 points in 95min; G. Hunt beat Joseph Bennett by 167 in 95min; G. Collins beat Davies by 30 in 80 min; F. Bennett beat Richards by 277 points in 50min.

Tuesday's play opened with Hunt beating Davies by 212 in 58min; Fred Bennett beat Hughes by 132 in 70min; Joseph Bennett beat D. Richards by two points in 95min; and Collins beat Wilson by 91 in an hour.

Wednesday was the most eventful day, however. Collins beat Hunt by 43 in 82min; Richards beat Wilson by 140 in 66min; Hughes beat Davies by 16 in 1h 40min; Joseph Bennett beat his brother Fred by 221 points in 84min.

A better adapted saloon cannot be found in London, it being very commodious, with plenty of ventilation. Of the arrangements I cannot speak too highly, whilst if any visitor requires creature comfort there stands the genial landlord in the corner ready to supply anything and everything.

EXON.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

SANDOWN PARK RACES.

TUESDAY.

CLAREMONT HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Quits, 1; Troubadour II., 2; Eastwell, 3. 4 ran.
SELLING STEEPLECHASE.—King Sweep, 1; Royal Charlie, 2; Extinguisher, 3. 4 ran.
GRAND ANNUAL HURDLE RACE.—Carthusian, 1; Sir Hugh, 2; Chimere, 3. 7 ran.
SELLING HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Huntingfield, 1; St. Aldates, 2; Moonshine, 3. 7 ran.
GREAT MAIDEN HURDLE RACE.—Blue Ruin, 1; Paul's Cray, 2; Boniface, 3. 5 ran.
PRINCE OF WALES'S STEEPLECHASE.—Quibble, 1; Chimney Sweep, 2; Spectre, 3. 4 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

SELLING HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Extinguisher, 1; Revoke, 2; Radnor, 3. 8 ran.
SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Gimcrack, 1; Sir Morgan, 2; Rocket, 3. 11 ran.
THE PRIORY STEEPLECHASE.—York, 1; Wellington, 2; Young Fenton, 3. 7 ran.
THE GREAT SANDOWN STEEPLECHASE.—Marshal Niel, 1; Chilblain, 2; Palm, 3. 8 ran.
SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Cesarian, 1; Distingué, 2; Revoke, 3. 6 ran.
THE ROYAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Javelin, 1; Moonshine, 2; Simon the Cellarer, 3. 5 ran.
HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Northfleet, 1; Plevna, 2; Gwendoline, 3. 8 ran.

FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

VESINET MEETING.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1.

PRINCE DU VOISINAGE.—Corinne, 1; Pomme d'Api, 2; Pas du Chance, 3. 5 ran.
PRINCE DE L'ISOT (steeple-chase welter handicap).—Guidon (late Porte Faron), 1; Fenouillette, 2; Rosette, 3. 5 ran.
PRINCE DE DECEMBRE (steeple-chase handicap).—La Pitache, 1; Girofla, 2; Pondor, 3. 5 ran.
PRINCE DE LA FIN (hurdle handicap).—Belle Petite, 1; Pirate, 2; Sandoline, 3. 7 ran.

"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters.—Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 9d. each.—[ADVT.]

INSTANT RELIEF AND A RAPID CURE OF COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND COUGHS IS GIVEN BY DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. W. J. Dale, Chemist, Queen-street, Portsea. "I consider them invaluable for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c. They taste pleasantly. Price 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 9d. per box.—[ADVT.]

TURFIANA.

STALLION advertisements are now crowding into the columns of the Calendar, and by the time the season begins in earnest breeders will have as great variety set before them as they could wish. There are a good many chops and changes both in the composition of studs and the fees asked for services of stallions, and we note that Cardinal York has had his price reduced by one-half. We are convinced that all this sire wants is big, lengthy mares, and the Newminster blood has nicked successfully over and over again with that of Melbourne, as the most superficial student of the Stud-book can see for himself. Mr. Everitt has lately been casting about for mares of this description, and we only hope the experiment may succeed, for it seems to be pretty generally agreed that the young Cardinals have quality and good looks galore, and only require a little more size to enable them to hold their own with the best of their contemporaries. For Pellegrino we have always had a good word, and we were much pleased with him in the summer, though he was then only lately put out of training, and in the transition state from the high mettled racer to the more sedate Sultan. There is more of Macaroni than of The Palmer about him, but he is altogether longer than most of the Sweetmeat tribe—a characteristic which he doubtless inherits from his sire. Unfortunately Pellegrino had no opportunity of confirming, as a three-year-old, the excellence of his Middle Park Plate form; but we think he must be put down as The Palmer's best son, Forerunner notwithstanding; and now that his sire is no longer available, owners of brood mares partial to the blood should not hesitate to use the Finstall sire. His relationship to Pilgrimage should give him a lift, though he does not much resemble the heroine of the "Thousands," having more scope throughout; and as he came from Russley with the best of characters from Robert Peck, he only wants a start to make him as great a public favourite as his sire.

There has been a capital article in the *Daily Telegraph* upon the present state of the Turf, which we had no opportunity of noticing last week, owing to its appearance on the eve of our going to press. The writer does not mince matters at all, but protests in very vigorous and incisive style against the condition to which our racecourses have sunk, owing to neglect on the part of those whose clear duty it was to take all due precautions against the incursion of Goths and Vandals. Everyone must endorse the writer's sentiments, except, perhaps, a few of that excited and indignant clique which seems to consider everything connected with racing as sacred, and not to be meddled with by outsiders. In spite of recent *explosives*, there are still some writers on the sporting press bold enough to attempt to palliate and excuse the doings of the rough brigade, if we may judge from recent "lamentations" which have appeared over the decline and fall of suburban meetings. To all those who may be inclined to pity the "martyrs to circumstances" compelled to retire from the post of racing caterers by recent enactments, we commend a study of the article referred to above, which, though savouring somewhat of the "Senex" style, is nevertheless fairly and impartially written, and evidently with a desire to see the Turf regain some of its lost prestige; and we may venture to express a hope that during the recess those high in authority may seriously take the matter in hand, which if they hesitate to do, there is little doubt of Parliamentary interference in some shape or form. This is far from desirable, looking at the aim and scope of Mr. Anderson's bill last Session; and of a certainty reform should come from within, if it is to have any chance against the opposition sure to be arrayed against it in interested quarters. The "scum of the course" will move heaven and earth to guard what they and their flegmen are pleased to term their "rights and privileges"; and there will be occasion for the most determined and rigorous action on the part of those who may take in hand the formidable task of cleansing the Augean stable.

Nearly all of the horses comprising the Manton "draft" changed hands on Monday last, Prince George and one or two others only failing to reach the very modest reserves placed upon them, and the Prince looked so very healthy and fresh on his legs that Mr. Crawford did wisely in retaining this useful servant on the establishment. Sadler will doubtless see his money back over Norwich, another of the useful sort, though perhaps "played out" in the high-class handicap line; and Mr. Ellerton took two very cheap slices of Parmesan, which will do good service at the stud after their racing days are past, which may be soon, for both are rather on the small side. The Makeshift filly at 400 guineas we thought a dear purchase, for she has yet to earn a winning bracket, and Helter Skelter looked better worth the money forthcoming for him. The brood mares were not a very choice sample, and with Craig Millar's dam apparently not in foal, the rest made but a fair average, Corvie and Donzella going to the Ellesmere Stud, and Lizzie Greystock being secured for Marden Deer Park, whither we hear Miss Roland has also taken wing, and she is yet young enough to breed another St. Leger winner, though Fair Duchess was but a poor advertisement for her. The yearlings from Newbridge Hill realised very indifferent prices, but it must be recollected that most of our principal trainers are full to overflowing, and there is little or no demand for this kind of stock at a time of year when most of their contemporaries are ready to be put through their facings, with an eye to the January entries.

Next Monday Stanton will have a clear out of "incapables," Lords Wilton and Bradford each sending up a batch of various ages, among them Wisdom and Zucchero, the latter one of the "fair but false" scions of Lacydes, whose stock seem all to be troubled with capricious temperaments, and to be continually disappointing confiding backers.

Sandown Park may be described as only moderately successful, a fact not to be wondered at, considering that turfites have been hard at it for the last seven months, and stand in need of a change during the "close time." Better horses and more of them was the grand requirement; and without this important element, what avails it that the arrangements were as perfect as ever, the attendance as large as could be expected, and the weather all that could be wished? In the Claremont Hunters' Flat Race Quits took another benefit, with Mr. Crawshaw in the saddle; and everyone must be glad to see Mr. Drake with so excellent an exponent of his favourite pastime. About the Extinguisher and King Sweep business in the Selling Steeplechase (appropriately named) the less said the better; and we pass on to metal more attractive in the Grand Annual Hurdle Race, wherein Lynham handled Carthusian very judgmatically, and finally secured the verdict for him over Sir Hugh and Chimere. Huntingfield won the Selling Hunters' Hurdle Race, Blue Ruin the "Great Hurdle" ditto, and Quibble (a too suggestive name) the Prince of Wales' Steeplechase; but fields throughout were poor, and there was not overmuch excitement or enthusiasm about the proceedings. On Wednesday the aspect of affairs improved, Extinguisher beating a field of seven for the opening event; while half a score went down before Gimcrack in the Selling Hunters' Flat Race, for which Sir Morgan was elected favourite. The Priory Steeplechase fell to York; and for the great event of the day, the Sandown Steeplechase, Marshal Niel won very cleverly from Chilblain, Palm, and five others of very fair calibre. Cesarian was sold for a "monkey" after his win in the Selling Hurdle Race, Javelin took the Royal Hunt Steeplechase, and Northfleet was successful in the Handicap Hurdle Race, thus bringing a fair day's sport to a satisfactory conclusion. SKYLARK,

GRAND BANQUET TO MR. BARRY SULLIVAN.

ON Saturday evening a high and appropriate compliment was paid to the distinguished tragedian, Mr. Barry Sullivan. He was entertained at a banquet in the Exhibition Palace, with the Lord Mayor at the head of the table and many of the leading citizens of Dublin at either side. The proceedings were of a most festive and enjoyable character, and all who took part in the project are to be congratulated upon the success which attended it. Mr. Sullivan, no matter how the *features* of the new school and the old may differ, must be regarded by all as possessing many of the excellencies of not only a first-class actor, but of a great interpreter of the greatest of dramatic poets, Shakspeare.

Full justice having been done to the excellent fare provided, the *Non nobis* was sung, after which the usual toasts were drunk, ending with "Our Guest," and an address read to Mr. Barry Sullivan by Mr. C. J. Fay, M.P.

The Lord Mayor, in rising to propose the toast, which was that of the evening, after a few preliminary remarks of the usual modest character, said, according to the proverb a prophet is not usually honoured in his own country, but the enthusiastic reception awarded to Mr. Barry Sullivan there that evening showed that in his case that saying was incorrect. It was now forty years ago since his friend had made his first appearance on the stage in Cork, and thirty-eight years since he had achieved his first success as Hamlet in the Haymarket Theatre, London. Since then he had been gradually advancing in public favour until he was now at the highest pinnacle of his profession. (Applause.) It was useless for a man who was no orator to endeavour to do justice to such a great artist as that.

The toast was drunk with loud and continued cheering.

Mr. Barry Sullivan in responding said—My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen,—I tender you my heart's sincere thanks for the high honour you confer upon me this day. To be the guest of the Lord Mayor and citizens of Dublin is to be the guest of the Irish nation—a distinction of which any man, no matter what his station or success in life, may justly feel proud; but, my lord, I may be allowed to remark that I am no exception to what, without egotism, I might almost call the rule, namely—that Irishmen and Irishwomen have ever won the right to stand in the foremost rank of artists on the British stage. To verify this assertion I need only mention the names of Macklin, Johnson, Cooke, Kean, Brooke—the beautiful O'Neill—and many others; and, sir, I am free to admit, with pride and gratitude, that England has been ever ready to acknowledge and reward the merits of Irish artists. But, my lord, Irishmen have always marched in the van with the greatest and best, as witness for me Wellington and Gough, Curran, Grattan, Burke, Palmerston, O'Connell, Shiel, and a thousand others whose words and deeds make the heart of the nation beat stronger and quicker at the mere mention of their names. My lord, it may not be considered out of place if I mention here the fact that I commenced the art which I have the honour to profess, not on the first rung of the ladder, but on the very ground. While yet a boy I stood alone in the world, without father, mother, or friend, without means, and master only of little Latin and no Greek! From this you will correctly infer that I am what is called a self-made man—a proud distinction. "What merit to be dropped on fortune's hill: the honour is to mount it." For years the struggle was desperate and doubtful, but my heart was too tough to yield, and my pride too great to allow my being driven from the bright goal of which I had so often and so fondly dreamed. At last there came the turning of the tide in my favour. Fortune began to smile on me in earnest, and enabled me to reach the haven of comparative plenty. But, amidst all my successes in England and Scotland, in America, in Canada, California, and Australia, my great ambition still was to be

acknowledged here in my native land. My lord, "Men's natures are their blood; they have no other high or low"; the blood that pulsates the heart I take to be the true index of nationality; and mine, my lord, is Irish. At length I thought the time had arrived for testing the good opinion of my countrymen, and, though oppressed with the thought that few are prophets in their own country, I made my debut in the good town of Belfast, and was received with every consideration and enthusiasm. The same in Limerick, in Waterford, and in Derry. And when I visited what may be called the cradle of the O'Sullivans, dear, beautiful Cork, the big warm hearts of her citizens received me as they ever receive those who endeavour to uphold the honour and dignity of Ireland. At last I found myself bidding for the good opinion of the great public of Dublin. How you received me, then and since, I think the position in which I stand here to-night will speak for me much better than any words I can command. In conclusion, my lord and gentlemen, I beg to assure you that this grand and spontaneous expression of the esteem and good-will of this great city, initiated by a few of her leading spirits, and endorsed by the galaxy of distinguished men whom I now see around me—themselves all more or less famous—has sunk deep into my heart, there to rest embalmed in love and gratitude for ever.

After some few other complimentary toasts and speeches, interspersed with songs, Mr. Lane Joynt proposed the toast of the "Drama" in a spirited speech, to which Mr. M. Gunn responded; after which the toast of the "Press" was given by Mr. Lane Joynt, and replied to by Alderman Purdon, and the company separated, having spent a most enjoyable evening.

AN interesting experiment in electric lighting was made on Monday evening at Westgate-on-Sea, about a mile to the north of Margate, on the estate in the hands of Mr. E. F. Davis. The experiment was undertaken with the view of determining whether the electric light is applicable to public street lighting, and to ascertain its cost in comparison with that of gas. Mr. W. A. Valon, engineer to the Gas and Water Works, Ramsgate, had charge of the general arrangements on behalf of Mr. Davis. and the electric light was produced under the superintendence of Mr. Gripper, representing the firm of Edmundson and Co., gas engineers and electricians, Great George-street, Westminster. The experiment was remarkably successful. The Jablochkoff system, which was tested a short time ago at Billingsgate Market, was employed also on this occasion. Mr. Davis entertained a number of friends at Westgate Hotel, and the result of the experiment was discussed in a conversational manner. The general opinion seemed to be that the electric light, as far as it has yet been developed, may be used with great advantage for special purposes and for the lighting of main thoroughfares, but that there is no probability of its superseding the use of gas, and that it may even directly and indirectly lead to the improvement of our gas system, and to the increased prosperity of those companies who apply themselves energetically to supply the wants of the public. The cost of producing the electric light on a large scale has not yet been ascertained with any approach to accuracy. The experiments at Westgate will be continued for one month, and it is believed that they will be sufficient to enable Mr. Valon and the other gentlemen professionally interested to form a tolerably correct estimate of the cost of producing this brilliant and beautiful light.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Kendal (Miss Madge Robertson), who during the week have been performing in *Diplomacy* to crowded houses at the Theatre Royal, Hull, gave a series of readings from Shakspeare and other poets before the members of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society, of which they have been elected honorary members.

DEATH OF MR. G. H. LEWES.

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. George Henry Lewes, who died on Saturday last at the age of sixty-two. Mr. Lewes was one of the most brilliant and versatile writers of this century. His philosophical works no doubt procured him his highest reputation, but it is as a dramatic critic that his name will have most interest for readers of this journal. Mr. Lewes was the last of the great dramatic critics, and since he abandoned that branch literature there has been no such thing as dramatic criticism in the highest and most serious sense of the term. Mr. Lewes was himself a playwright, and as the author of *The Game of Speculation* will be remembered as having supplied the late Charles Mathews with one of his most popular characters. As an amateur actor, too, he had at one time a considerable reputation. Some two or three years ago he republished his admirable essays on "Actors and Acting," with which many of our readers are doubtless familiar. Mr. Lewes was the husband of "George Eliot."

THERE is an elegance and finish in the performance at Mr. Charles Hengler's establishment seldom seen at an ordinary circus, and the present entertainment fully maintains the reputation acquired. The programme, opening with a well executed selection from *William Tell* by the band, presents Master Lloyd, a dashing young rider, as "Le Petit Jockey," and Mr. F. C. Hengler, junr., presents the trained horse Zetland, a perfect picture of symmetry, and under complete control, after which Mr. J. Bibb, one of the clowns and an old favourite, produces uproarious fun with his comic elephant, one of the most amusing parts of the performance. During the evening Mr. Charles Hengler shows to what extent horses can be trained with his two beautiful Hungarian horses, Hungady and Arpad, and a new equestrienne, Miss Jenny O'Brien, very tastefully dressed, gains a host of admirers and much applause for her clever poses and flights through hoops. There are several other scenes of great excellence, and we must not omit to mention M. Aix, with his performing dogs, and also the return of Mr. Felix Revolti, the popular ring-master. *Bonnie Prince Charlie; or, the Congress of Scotland's Warriors*, is in preparation for the Christmas holidays.

ON Friday evening, November 29, the members of the Urban Club celebrated their twentieth anniversary, when the chair was occupied by W. E. Church, Esq., the vice chair being filled by Charles Lempriere, Esq., D.C.L. The chairman, in proposing the health of the Urban Club, dwelt at length on the origin of clubs, tracing them from the time of Chaucer to the present in a speech replete with poetic feeling, and delivered in a manner felicitous in the extreme. Dr. Lempriere, in proposing the health of the chairman, highly eulogised that gentleman's remarks; and though he was excessively complimentary, his opinion was shared by all present. The toast of "The Drama" was proposed by Mr. Joseph Pope, and responded to by Mr. Henry Marston in a most telling manner.

AN interesting gathering took place on Monday night at the Guildhall Tavern, London. A number of naval volunteers met under the presidency of Lieutenant Cooper, who is in command of the hulk moored opposite Somerset House, which many millions of people must have seen, but few been able to state what was its object. It exists for the purpose of enabling naval volunteers—generally gentlemen with comfortable incomes—to undergo all the discipline of ordinary seamen in Her Majesty's service. This force was headed in 1873 by Mr. T. Brassey, M.P., and in that year it reached a strength of 70 members; but it has now increased in London to 400 men, and offshoots of the movement have been established in Liverpool and Bristol.

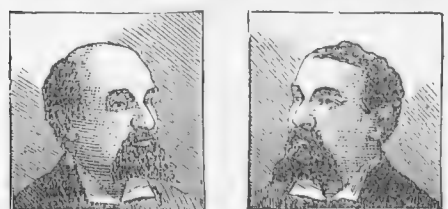
MR. RYMILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young Cart and Van Horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of Carriages, Carts, Harness, &c.

CANTERBURY.—Mr. SLATER will hold his Annual Christmas Sale of upwards of FIFTY HORSES, at his Repository, on SATURDAY, Dec. 21st. This sale will comprise harnesses, harness horses, &c., also a few studs from Gentlemen in the neighbourhood worthy of especial notice.

COLTS AND HORSES BROKEN, easy mouthed and temperate, and exercised by using JOCKEYS OF WHALEBONE and GUTTA PERCHA, 70s.; hire 2s. a week. Crib-biting Straps, from 21s.; Safety Springs to Reins, 12s.; leg fomenters, from 15s.; Footlock, Speedy Leg, Hock Knee Boots. BLACKWELL, Saddler, &c., Patentee, 250, Oxford-street. Of all saddlers.

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M. LODOIS is so certain of success that he will enter into a contract on the principle of

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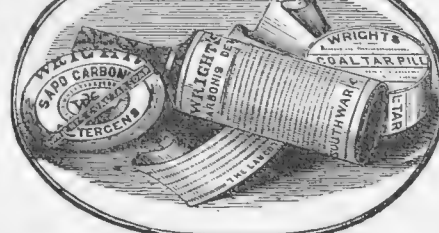
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instructions and find the hair is growing nicely. Please send package, directed as follows.—Yours truly, R. T. Bury St. Edmunds, Sept. 23, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Sir,—I have been using the Eau Malleron for these last six weeks. After a few applications it arrested the falling off of the hair, and new hair is making its appearance on the top of my head. Will it be necessary to use the Pomade Trichophile? Please write a line in that respect.—Yours truly, W. F. Bury St. Edmunds, Oct. 20, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Sir,—Received parcel all right on Friday 18th, arrived at the station the day previous. I have nearly finished the large bottle of Eau Malleron. My hair is much thicker where the Eau was most used, the crown of the head. I think I shall require a little more to complete the cure. Will send in the course of a week or two.—I am, Sir, yours, (From a Hairdresser.) W. F.

M. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—I have just had a gentleman having his hair cut who is at the present time using your preparation, and I was so thoroughly convinced of the good the Eau Malleron has done his hair that I at once determined to get the agency, if you have not already appointed one in Lincolnshire. I have no doubt I shall be able to get rid of a good lot of the preparation when its virtue gets more widely known.—Yours obediently, ALF. C.

MR. J. LODOIS Begs to announce that he has the sole right of sale of Eau Malleron in the United Kingdom. PRICES OF THE EAU MALLERON:—Half-Pint size 15s. 6d. One Pint size 25s. 6d.

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J. LODOIS, 40, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.

Liverpool, August 9th, 1878. M. LODOIS.—Sir,—Will you kindly send me another pint bottle of Eau Malleron. I enclose 25s. 6d. in P.O.O. I think my hair will come again; in some parts it has grown as long as a tooth-brush, but in places there is only just a thin dozen, and very bare. I have followed your instructions you kindly sent me. I remain, yours truly, E. B. Biddleton, near Preston, May 27th, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favour to hand, I have not used the Eau Malleron for a month. I have been away from home, and my whereabouts uncertain, so did not send for any. My hair is thicker, though I do not follow out the directions perhaps as rigidly as I ought.—Yours sincerely, J. C. S. Trowbridge, June 17th, 1878.

MONSIEUR LODOIS.—Sir,—I beg to enclose a cheque for one bottle of Eau Malleron, as before, and should be obliged by your sending it early to the above address. Progress as yet, I fancy, is slow, and may after another bottle improve, that I may report to you with entire satisfaction.—I remain, yours, &c., W. S. W. Trowbridge, Wiltshire, Sept. 30, 1878.

SIR,—Will you be good enough to forward me another bottle of Eau Malleron, to the above address. The last bottle has showed marked progress of growth. I beg to enclose cheque for £1 5s. 6d.—Yours truly, M. Lodois, London.

Dundee, August 13, 1878. M. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—I enclose P.O.O. for 25s. 6d. for a pint bottle of Eau Malleron. I may state that the half-pint which I received from you some time ago has effectually removed the scurf, and the appearance of young hairs is very encouraging.—Yours truly, G. S. Bath, April 9th, 1878.

J. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—I enclose a P.O.O. for 25s. 6d., and will thank you to send me a large bottle of Eau Malleron. My hair has improved wonderfully since I have used this preparation.—Yours, &c., J. F. M. Barnsley, Sept. 16, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—Please send me another bottle of Eau Malleron, for which I enclose cheque. I am glad to say I have applied the last bottle according to your

necessarily rank, in the estimation of those who have yet had no opportunity of testing its wonderful properties, with the thousand-and-one quack remedies for the removal of baldness already in existence. Monsieur Lodois, however, is confident that the time is not far distant when a sceptical community will be compelled to admit that he is the possessor of an invention which is a certain cure for baldness that does not arise from old age or decay of nature. His straightforward method of conducting his practice is meeting with the appreciation it deserves. With those patients who are in a position to hold periodical consultations of a personal nature M. Lodois makes his contracts on the "no cure no pay" principle. Such patients as are prepared to visit him at No. 40, Haymarket, at stated times, and to rigidly carry out the instructions of their capillary physician, may, in the vast majority of cases, safely rely upon a perfect and permanent cure. In an interesting pamphlet on the subject of Baldness, published by Monsieur Lodois, he says that the Malleron preparation "possesses the power of causing the gradual organic action of the hair to increase its vitality in a lasting manner, and thus causes hair to grow in places where for years it had disappeared—even on the balded heads." It is unfortunately impossible, owing to the confidential nature of much of his practice, for M. Lodois to acquaint the world with a tithe of the remarkable cures he has wrought. The following consensus of testimony, however, selected from a great number of letters, the originals of which may be inspected on application, will tell its own "unvarnished tale":—The following letter has just been received from Signor Urio, the well-known operatic artist.

M. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, I beg to state that after using the Eau Malleron some time I have obtained quite a marvellous result. I am certain that through it I shall recover my hair exactly as it was before. I am indeed much obliged to you. Yours very truly, URIO.

You may show my letter to any inquirer, and do what you think fit with it.

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PSYCHE.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

B.—Probably King Bomba, for he refused to permit Francis II. to visit the theatre San Carlo, at Naples, till the ladies of the ballet had put on green inexpressibles.

TEAZLE.—That opinion was not shared by Edmund Kean, whatever other players may have said. Mr. J. W. Cole, in his "Life and Theatrical Times of Charles Kean" (Vol. I.) says that the elder Kean often expressed his belief that "with genuine artists there is no such thing as impulsive acting;" saying, "all is arranged beforehand; else why should we rehearse? We may act better, or worse, on a particular night, from particular circumstances, but the conception is the same. I have done all these things a thousand times in country theatres, and perhaps better, before I was recognised as a great actor, and have been loudly applauded; but the sound in those days never reached as far as London."

W. F. P.—R. Flecknoe, the dramatist, died in 1678.

CORNISHMAN.—Mr. James Dawson, who died quite recently, was born at Scarborough, in 1779. His father was an actor. He made his first appearance when three or four years old at Exeter, as "the Infant Prodigy." At Weymouth the child played before George III. and the Royal Family. After passing a few years in France, he returned to the English stage, and was very popular all through Cornwall.

A. B. D.—Brereton, the actor, died insane, in 1787. John Kemble married his young widow, who survived her second husband many years.

A. D. S.—Yes; there are several instances of forgotten old plays being modernised and put upon the stage as original productions. We believe the system of employing a suitable person as reader to pronounce upon the merits of original MS. plays submitted to the management is now altogether abandoned, but we cannot tell you why. Publishers generally employ such readers, but managers do not, although they usually have greater need of them. With you we should like to see the number of plays that fail compared with those which are successful.

CHISWICK.—Philip James de Louthembourg was a famous artist of the last century, and a member of the Academy of Painting, at Paris. Visiting England, he determined to make it his adopted country. He was largely employed in scene painting for Drury Lane Theatre. He was born in 1734, at Strasburg, and died in 1812. He never, we believe, painted for the theatre in Lincoln's Inn, where Rich employed another clever French artist, Monsieur Devoto, who also painted for the Goodman's Fields Theatre, that to which Garrick first drew the whole of the West-end playgoers to what was then the eastern extremity of the metropolis. The scene-painter at the King's Theatre or Opera House, during the early part of the last century, was Signor Amiconi, who was the first to produce scenery of a much higher artistic character, than had ever before been seen. He afterwards painted for Covent Garden Theatre, in conjunction with a famous English landscape artist, George Lambert, the founder of the Beefsteak Club. Lambert was born in 1710, and was a pupil of William Hassell. Signor Servandoni is mentioned by Angelo in his Memoirs as a talented scene-painter engaged at the Opera House, whose productions first directed Garrick's attention to the scenery of Drury Lane Theatre, with a view to giving it more realistic value. An artist named French was at that time painting for him. Garrick paid De Louthembourg five hundred a year for painting designs for scenery and superintending their reproduction on a larger scale by the artists employed on the Drury Lane establishment. You will find the progress of stage scenery fully dealt with in connection with Drury Lane Theatre in the course of Mr. Wall's "Story of Old Drury."

P. HORWOOD.—Address a letter to the Lyceum Theatre, Strand.

MUSICAL.

E. D. M.—There are numerous works published on Thorough Bass, and on the rules of Composition. You can hardly do better than obtain Dr. Stainer's "Harmony Primer," and Dr. Bridge's "Counterpoint Primer," to commence with. They are each published at 2s. by Novello and Co., No. 1, Berners'-street, London.

ELBERTWOOD.—It is not surprising that the air of our National Anthem should be found in a German symphony. It has been adopted as the National Anthem melody of Germany for nearly a hundred years past.

Q. R.—"Berceuse," in music, means a "cradle song," or a "cradle-rocking song,"—equivalent to our "Lullaby."

ROY.—*Rienzi* was the first opera composed by Richard Wagner. It has never been performed in England, but large portions of the music have been played at the Crystal Palace and other concerts.

SPORTING.

FARMER.—Old Partner was bred by Mr. Pelham, in 1718. He was a chestnut horse with a blaze on his face and two white hind legs. He died in Mr. Croft's stud, at Barforth, Yorkshire, in 1747, aged 29.

WISHWASH.—The Castle Tavern, in Holborn, was a famous resort of the "Fancy" at the beginning of the present century. Its hosts were for some years well-known prizefighters; matches were made there and arrangements completed. Tom Helcher was at one time its landlord, and its chief room was adorned with quite a gallery of portraits of famous fighters. In "Cribb's Memorial to Congress" the following lines speak of this house:—

Last Friday night a bang-up set
Of milling blades at Belcher's met,
All high-bred heroes of the ring,
Whose very gammon would delight one;
Who, nursed beneath the Fancy's wing,
Show all her feathers but the white one.
Brave Tom, the Champion, with an air
Almost Corinthian, took the chair,
And kept the coves in quiet tune,
By shewing such a fist of mutton,
As on a point of order soon
Would take the shine from Speaker Sutton.
And all the lads looked gay and bright,
And gin and genius flash'd about;
And whoso'er grew unpolite,
The well-bred Champion serv'd him out.

— Tom's words, you know,
Come, like his hittings, strong but slow.
— His fame I need not tell,
For that, my friends, all England's loud with;
But this I say, a civiler swell
I'd never wish to blow a cloud with.

DEERSTALK.—The worthy Baron of Bradwardine's statements about the roe have been several times refuted by modern sportsmen. The roe, according to J. Colquhoun, instead of being, as the Baron told Captain Waverley, never out of season, is out of season during most of the year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHAKESPEARIAN.—One by Horace Smith runs: "My first is a dropper; my second a propper; and my whole is a whopper." We know no other conundrum upon Falstaff.

JOHN E. FORSTER.—1. Forgery was not punished by death in this country before 1634. 2. The Hell-fire Clubs were suppressed by Order of Council, April 29th, 1729.

CUIRO.—The tide rose three times in two hours on the Kentish coast on October 31st, 1827.

GARDENER.—According to several authorities, tulips were first imported into this country in 1578.

F. B.—The Loving Cup was usually of silver-gilt, and its contents the spiced wine known as sack. It was taken round to the guests immediately following the grace after meat. The person who pledged, commencing with the host, stood up with his next neighbour, who removed the cover

for him with his right hand while he drank. Wiping the brim of the cup with the napkin, he then removed the cover while his neighbour drank, and so on. The custom is said to have had its origin in the fear of assassination while drinking, as the right hand holding the cover could not then grasp dagger or sword. When Danes and Saxons met at the old feasts celebrating their short friendships, there was probably excellent reason for such a precaution, but now it is symbolical of sincerity and good-will merely.

JAMES FREDERICKS.—Yes. A meat biscuit from Texas was exhibited at the Great International Exhibition of '51, of which it was then asserted that four ounces of it could be made into a soup, which would be sufficient for a man's support during the day. Dr. Playfair reported that it contained 32 per cent. of flesh-forming matter, and would keep well in most climates.

M. D.—There were several physicians of equal eminence bearing the same name about that time, but only one named Alexander Mackenzie, and it was he who, in 1777, communicated to the Royal Society an account of a woman in Ross-shire, who lived, he stated, four years without food, with the exception of two occasions, when she drank water. He practised during the greater part of his life in Virginia.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

THE racing season of 1878 has now run its course, and that it died hard may be taken for granted from the fact that the moribund body in *articulo mortis* was fought over by old claimants and new alike for a share in its final spoils. Whatever may be said of the six months' sport which preceded the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, there can be no doubt that a vast deal too much even of such a good thing as racing was crowded into the last few weeks of the season, usually dedicated to Liverpool, Shrewsbury, and Warwick; but this year, additionally encumbered with such plethora programmes as those issued by the authorities of Derby, Manchester, and Kempton Park. Added "thousands" have formed a feature in certain broadsheets issued by clerks of courses; while "monkeys" have been as plentiful as their namesakes in a tropical jungle, and no stone has been left unturned to ensure big fields, large attendances, and spirited speculation. Whether many more people go racing than formerly may not be so certain as most of us suppose; but the liberality of managers and promoters nowadays cannot but set us thinking what "real jam" it must have been for them in the old humdrum times, when the added money for the whole meeting only equalled the amount now given to one race. Evidences of the majority of *entrepreneurs* setting their houses in order, and of the obligation to keep pace with the times have been apparent in more than one of the old-established meetings; and even the ruling powers at Goodwood and Doncaster have been at length forced to the conviction that they can no longer exist upon traditional reputation, but must hasten to loosen their purse-strings to a far greater extent than formerly, if they would not see themselves pushed from their stools by more enterprising rivals. People have long since tired of racing for their own money; but it is not easy to foresee the results of this universal demand for richer additions to stakes, which should surely have reached their limits, at any rate for a time. Looking back at the past season's racing, we fancy a general idea of the sport being overdone must strike all save the wandering clans which live either for racing or by it. This has been called the age of progress, and we suppose we shall be twitted as old fogies of the *laudator temporis acti* school, if we venture to assert that there was far more real interest and excitement in racing when meetings were fewer and farther between, and before every good-sized township, with neighbouring racing capabilities, had thought it necessary to announce its spring, summer, and autumn meetings, and to edge its way into the annual programme of sport by hook or by crook. In order to become convinced of the deleterious effects of overdoing a good thing, we have only to look back to the records of the turf some twenty years ago, when fields were certainly larger at the more important meetings, and speculation took a wider and healthier range, while the class of horses was assuredly as high as those of the present day. Only let our readers look back and judge for themselves, when they will perceive at once the truth of our assertions, and perchance be surprised at the comparisons which such a retrospect must inevitably suggest. Doubtless more men own racehorses now than formerly, and a greater number are consequently bred to meet this demand, but upon an examination being instituted into the statistics of the turf, it will be found that the increase in instruments of gambling has by no means kept pace with the extra work demanded of them, owing to the multiplication of meetings involving a corresponding increment of engagements. Hence it is that fields, especially those for the great events of the year, have diminished instead of keeping up their strength, and this at a time when we are daily compelled to hear that the turf was never so popular or so flourishing. We do not well see how it can be otherwise, bearing in mind the fact that not only cannot horses stand more work than formerly, but that the present system brings them too often together, and consequently the form of each is so thoroughly known and exposed that large fields cannot be expected. The more minutely we carry out the sifting and winnowing process the fewer will be found to encounter the final ordeal; whereas the very uncertainty of a race was formerly relished and appreciated with a gusto unknown in these days when the same horses are perpetually passing through the mills of various handicappers, or fighting out their two-year-old battles on more equal terms in big stakes all over the country. The effect of these constant competitive examinations is to eliminate all but the very cream of their year, and hence not only have fields for the great three-year-old races diminished latterly but less impetus is given to speculation on the race, and the ancient interest in its decision is not so well sustained. This must necessarily be the case when the element of chance is permitted in a less degree to influence events; and henceforth we must be content to have our classical contests discounted by the results of the rich two-year old stakes at present conspicuous in the programmes of Ascot, Goodwood, and Newmarket, to say nothing of the time-honoured races which still continue to hold a place subordinate to their more attractive rivals. Owners

no longer care to see their stables represented in the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger merely for the sake of sentiment, which is much to be regretted; and in process of time we may anticipate that the "ribands" of the turf will only continue to hold their own by increasing the amount of subscriptions or by munificent additions of money to the stake. This is not exactly a healthy state of things to contemplate, but it is just as well that we should be prepared to be brought face to face with it, and, if possible, to hold our hands while there is time, and before our tests of three-year-old excellence are swamped altogether by inducements held out so lavishly to juvenile precocity. *Ne quid nimis* is an excellent motto, and as applicable to racing as to any pursuit either of pleasure or business; and it seems to be pretty generally agreed and understood, though not publicly expressed, that the tree of sport would bear a good deal of judicious lopping and pruning. As to the remaining traits of the season just concluded, it may be said of them that they present no very remarkable features, though it may be noted that favourites for the more important races have had rather a hard time of it, and also that the names of a large number of "unfashionable sires" have been rendered famous through the performances of their progeny. Welter races seem to have come greatly into vogue, and this may perhaps be the reason why a corresponding falling off has been noticeable in the ranks of steeplechasers, so many animals adapted to the cross-country business finding congenial occupation in the class of contests to which we have alluded above, and which we consider a step in the right direction for many reasons we have no space to recapitulate. Of our three cups *par excellence*, a French horse took the Ascot trophy, an Austrian mare the Goodwood Prize, and an English gelding (not very much above high-class handicap form) the Doncaster guerdon; so that perhaps we have not very much upon which to pride ourselves in this department. Sefton somewhat tarnished his reputation as a Derby winner by an inglorious display in the Cesarewitch; and the year must, we think, take its name from Jannette, the only consistently good performer of any age or sex. Turf scandals have been happily scarce, and the year 1878 may be remembered as one remarkable for nothing in particular, save the depressed state of the yearling market, and Lord Falmouth's winning "tottle," which is even more considerable than in his lordship's *annus mirabilis* of 1877.

SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

No. VIII.—A "SWELL."

THE noble Baron Tournemeade can only be described as a swell, unmitigated and gorgeous. The epithet is not accorded to him by reason of his title. There are numerous peers who are not swells, and still more numerous swells who are not peers. The Duke of Kyleshire, for example, carries on his circulation by means of the very bluest blood; but he looks like a cad, and successfully takes pains to justify his appearance. Lord Sterteris again inherits an escutcheon which has been borne in the van of battle by some of those who have added honour to the noblest names in English history; but his lordship is the type of a greedy Lord Mayor at the termination of a hard dining year of office. Another nobleman, second to neither of these in descent and in the quarterings on his coat of arms, resembles a political nonconformist in the grocery line so closely that you would be inclined to bet ten to one he was accustomed to occupy the pulpit of his local Bethel for the purpose of calling Lord Beaconsfield a man of sin, and an immediate descendant of that lady whose character is intimidated by the vivid colour of her garments. It is Tournemeade's appearance, his bearing, his behaviour, his manner of speaking, and his tone of voice, which necessitate the application of the word "swell;" though I dislike slang, and should be glad to find an appropriate term in purer Saxon. Your first impression with regard to Tournemeade, if you did not know him, would be that he was not quite awake. His hair is light, his eyes blue, his moustache scant and downy, although he is now, I suppose, some seven-and-twenty years of age. His nose is delicately aquiline, and his peculiarity of expression is that his eyes never seem entirely open: if a gun were suddenly fired off close to his ear it would probably have no more effect than to produce a mild inquiry as to what was the row. On the whole he is rather good-looking, and extremely agreeable; and this idea of him is not weakened by the knowledge that he has an unnumbered income of some £35,000 a year, with expectations. The first Lord was a distinguished politician, and revived the extinct title of an ancestor on retiring from an active position in public life. His son also had a reputation for talent; and between them they appear to have got through the allowance of intellect which had been apportioned to last the family for some generations; for the present bearer of the title has little wit, and only shows occasional glimmerings of mental power in the rapidity with which he calculates the odds, and realises the chances of his betting-book.

Tournemeade has rooms in the hotel of the county town near to which are the headquarters of the Fallowfield, and in November he takes up his residence there with about a dozen hunters and a few hacks, a number which is generally swelled before the season closes; for the noble baron is always ready to buy a horse, and is, I fancy, a perfect annuity to some of his friends who generally have a wonderful animal to sell; while for various reasons, which may hereafter be hinted at, his own stud does not last at all well. You would think that hunting bored him very grievously if you were not aware that he was at least equally bored, during the season, in his yacht, on the moors, after the merry little brown birds which make September pleasant in the country, and after the long-tailed heroes and the less splendid heroines of October. Tournemeade is a patron of the drama, principally of that variety which has been supplied of late by Mr. John Hollingshead. He holds a decided opinion that literature is in a bad way, because "some fel ow ought to write a book about that girl Farren," as he familiarly calls the lady, and no fellow does; while other fellows, who are equally negligent, ought to write other books about Miss Vaughan and other damsels who are wont to delight him. He has seen something about Mrs. Siddons in a theatrical newspaper, and is jealous of the reputations of those he admires, being strongly inclined to hold, with regard to the great *tragedienne* that, as he once confided to me in a moment of languid enthusiasm, Miss Farren "could give her fifty in a hundred and lick her head off." The more serious forms of the lyric drama do not win Tournemeade's admiration. He went to see an opera last season without observing the name of the production, and with but a very faint appreciation of the plot. "There was a lot of dancing and some fights, and a red beggar cutting about and doing tricks. Then a fellow came on and sang a deuce of a lengthy song to a house, and at last they all went to heaven—singing all the time, you know—no one allowed to speak a word."

This opera we assumed was *Faust*, although Tourneymeade appears to have been slightly mistaken as to the ultimate destination to which the hero is conducted. He is strongly disinclined to repeat his operatic experience.

It is principally in the hunting-field, however, that we have to deal with Tourneymeade, and when we take an occasional turn with the Fallowfield, as some of us do now and then when their meets are on our side of the country, he is seldom absent, and invariably profuse in his offers of hospitality. Tourneymeade is undoubtedly a good rider, at any rate so far as getting safely over a country goes; though of course his horses are all made hunters of high reputation, and he rarely has more to do than sit down in his saddle and trust to their discretion and knowledge of their business. The story goes that one day, when out on a raw young Irish horse, which had come from that island with a great character, founded upon undiscernable grounds, after several contentions, obstinately fought out on both sides, as to the desirability of jumping fences, Tourneymeade pulled up and dismounted, turned the animal adrift with a cut of the whip, declaring that it was less trouble to walk than ride a brute like that; and after sitting on a gate and smoking for a considerable time, hoping that his second horseman would bring him something to go home on at least, if the hounds were lost for the day, that he strolled towards the nearest village where a fly was procurable, and went back on wheels.

There is, I think, some consolation to poor men in the reflection that two or three horses, bought with deliberation and studied with patience, afford much more genuine pleasure and amusement to their master, who is proud of them, than such a man as Tourneymeade can possibly derive from a large stud, the individual members of which he only knows by name—when he remembers it. Tourneymeade certainly does not recognise his own animals when he sees them, a circumstance with which his stud groom is perfectly well acquainted.

While we were chatting one day when I was out with the Fallowfield a man rode up, a friend of Tourneymeade, to inquire who that was on his chestnut mare.

"Which mare?" Tourneymeade asked.

"Why the one I sold you last month. There she is; a fellow with a brown coat and leggings on her," he answered; "rum-looking little snob."

"Can't be mine," Tourneymeade said; "I wanted to ride her to-day, and asked Plaits if she could come out, but he said she was lame; though I don't know how the deuce she came so, for I haven't ridden her for three weeks."

"Well, that's the mare I sold you, you may take your oath," his friend continued.

"Looks like her, don't it? But of course it can't be."

"All right, old fellow! I dare say it can't be—only it is," the friend answered, riding off as he spoke.

"It can't be one of my fellows got up like that? Besides, the mare's wrong," Tourneymeade observed, as we too galloped off, for hounds were now running; and it did seem improbable that the odd-looking personage on the handsome chestnut should be mounted from the Tourneymeade stable.

His friend, however, whose curiosity was piqued, told off his groom to keep an eye on the chestnut mare, and see where she went home to; and surely enough she was ridden to a small public in the outskirts of the town, where one of Mr. Plaits' boys was waiting for her, and taking her from her rider, leisurely trotted home. Plaits was accustomed, it subsequently appeared, to let out his master's horses to his friends, in return for services rendered, and to casual acquaintances who were looked on as safe, at so much a day. On a certain morning, too, Tourneymeade, happening to go round to his stables—a very rare occurrence with him—was somewhat surprised to see Mr. Plaits himself ride into the yard on a horse which his master had been hoping, by Mr. Plaits' kind permission, to ride himself that day. The animal had every appearance of having very recently, in ordinary phrase, been "done to a turn," and Plaits was extremely surprised and annoyed at seeing his master.

"Hallo, Plaits, what's up?" Tourneymeade inquired, as he looked at the horse's drooping head and foam-flecked sides.

"What's this? Firefly, isn't it?"

"He wanted a sweat, my lord," the groom somewhat sulkily answered, "and I thought I'd better give it him myself."

"By Jove! he's had it, too, hasn't he? Pretty hot, I should fancy!" Tourneymeade observed.

Neither he nor the owners of some half-dozen other gallant steeds were acquainted with the fact that Plaits and a few of his friends had that morning been running off a catch-weight sweepstakes of £5 a-head, and that Firefly, after a hard struggle, had been beaten half a length. Thus it comes to pass that Tourneymeade has usually found it necessary to augment his stud as the season progressed, and that, in spite of the uncomplaining manner in which he pays the huge bills so ingeniously concocted by Mr. Plaits—about as big a rascal as may be found in the three kingdoms—horses do not thrive in his stable, and very rarely fetch half the money he gave for them.

But scant justice would be done to Tourneymeade's get-up by simply saying that it is invariably irreproachable. The baronial legs, from a critical point of view, might be called attenuated if one judged by a masculine standard; but it is not sinew and muscle that the boot and breeches makers want, and these professors find scope for their highest efforts in Lord Tourneymeade. Hat, neck-cloth, the neat little bow which fits in just above his well-cleaned tops, are all the quintessence of "form;" and however Plaits may rob his master, there can be no question as to the manner in which he turns out his horses. A boy from the Tourneymeade stables is as sure to understand his business as he is to understand the tricks of the trade and to rob his master; for Plaits has the communistic view of equality, that so long as he has the lion's share without interference those who can may pick up the bones.

What Tourneymeade wants is a wife, and he was very nearly being provided with that luxury last season; but if the young lady were anxious to marry him she spoilt her chance, as many of us do spoil our chances, by being too keen. It was for her sweet sake that he sat out the opera aforesaid, and, being invited to Leicestershire, a too ardent mother thought proper to carry on the campaign by sending her daughter, an admirable rider, out hunting with the Fallowfield. The enchantress, anxious to display her skill and courage to the best advantage, jumped one or two fences a length before Tourneymeade—too immediately before him, in fact; for once, cutting in at the last moment, his horse swerved, came down, and afforded its noble owner an excellent view of four glittering shoes passing within a few inches of his head.

"A deuced nice girl when she's sitting on a chair," is Tourneymeade's present verdict upon the charmer; "but when she gets on a horse she baulks you at your fences, and jumps on you when you are down."

And, on the whole, his equanimity was so seriously disturbed by the young lady's exploits that I fancy her chance is over.

If he is not clever—and truth compels the statement that he is not—Tourneymeade is generous, kind-hearted, and thoroughly a gentleman. No doubt some day he will marry a lady who is not an Amazon; and, if she be shrewd and sensible, Tourneymeade will make an excellent country gentleman, and be a credit and satisfaction to his county. RAPIER.

THE STORY OF OLD DRURY.

By A. H. WALL.

CHAPTER I.

THE PHOENIX AND COCKPIT.

(Continued from page 202.)

AMONGST the most popular of the dramatists whom Charles the First honoured was his poet-laureate, Sir William Davenant, Shakespeare's godson, or perhaps, as he shamelessly boasted, his natural son. He was a dissipated courtier of considerable talent, who had fought and suffered in the Royal cause; had been tried for his life, and condemned to death. Rescued from the scaffold by Milton and Henry Martyn, "the regicide," he had endured two tedious years of imprisonment in the Tower, from which he was released in that year of dread and trouble, 1652. The first use he made of his freedom was an attempt to revive the drama. By earnest soliciting, with some clever pleading and scheming, he won the good-will of the Lord Keeper Whitelock, Serjeant Maynard, some influential citizens, and others of note, who obtained a license for him to produce a new kind of entertainment, which was to consist of dialogue, music, and songs, but was to have no connection with wicked stage plays. He called it an "opera," and described it as a composition of "Declamations and music after the manner of the ancients."

The first of these novel entertainments were given at Rutland House, Charterhouse Yard. They were highly successful. Music played a dominant part in them, yet they were really and only plays; but not being called plays that was found amply sufficient for the amusement-craving, hypocritical Puritans to cozen their consciences with. Sir William never lacked a full audience. In these things of music, scenery, and dialogue modern melodrama had its rise, and in Sir William Davenant the modern theatrical manager may revere the first of his time-serving race. With these "operas" the English stage may be said to have recommenced, upon its present inferior level, that career of frivolity and idleness which it is still running. Alas! for the grand old philosophic brotherhood of poets and players, whose mighty tragedies and life-like comedies sufficed to make the drama popular in Shakespeare's days. They were at once things of the past. Sir William, while enjoying his success, openly confessed its meanness, and the grave, thoughtful Evelyn "being engaged with company," to visit Rutland House when he "could not decently resist the going," yet says in his diary that his heart smote him for doing so.

From Charterhouse Yard, or Square as it was afterwards called, Sir William went to the Cockpit, where he probably first introduced, in the place of the ancient tapestry, scene-paintings to appeal to the eye and imagination, as music did in harmonious sounds to the ear, longing all the while to minister to some more lofty purpose, to embody in the language of poetry human thought and passion, and to revive the drama as it was in the days of his glorious godfather and hapless Charles the First. But he was afraid, for Shakespeare then would indeed have spelt ruin.

Bit by bit, however, he crept on, constantly developing his new idea of the pictorial and musical drama, jumbling the elements together at first incongruously, but gradually working them into an orderly system, farther and farther away from an entertainment which at first was wonderfully like that of the modern music-hall, more and more akin to the old plays.

At last came the Restoration of Royalty and the drama, and even before its announcement Rhodes, who had been prompter and wardrobe-keeper at Shakespeare's old Blackfriars playhouse, hurried to visit General Monk, then encamped in Hyde Park, soliciting successfully a license for reopening the old Cockpit Theatre in Drury Lane, which was again empty, Sir William Davenant having taken the Dorset Gardens Theatre. He obtained his request, and returned in high glee to his little bookseller's shop near the Cross in the village of Charing, where his two young apprentices—handsome young Edward Kynaston and plain, fat young Thomas Betterton—heartyly shared his triumph.

In 1659 (old style) Rhodes reopened the Cockpit, having newly cleaned, fitted up, and otherwise improved it—if, indeed, he did not partially or entirely rebuild it. His company was composed of players new to the stage, and at their head he placed his apprentices. Hart the actor appears also to have joined the company, of whose playing in the part of kings Betterton said: "He appeared with such majesty in his looks and gestures that a courtier of the first rank was pleased to honour him with this commendation: 'Hart,' says he, 'might teach any king on earth how to comport himself.'" Betterton adds: "In all the tragic and comic parts he performed he arrived to a pitch not equalled by any of his contemporaries."

Betterton was the son of one of Charles the First's cooks, a well-educated young man, who had enlisted as a volunteer in the King's army, as Hart Smith and Mohun had enlisted before him, and he fought with them in the fierce battle at Edgehill. Both he and Kynaston had a passion for the stage, which their master had carefully fostered and encouraged. Despite the success of Sir William Davenant's new drama of pictures, instrumental music and songs, Rhodes revived the noble old plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare, and others of the times before the Civil War. For a time his success was all he could desire. Pepys tells in his Diary how, in the August of 1660, Captain Ferrers took him to the Cockpit, where he saw Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject* played, when, as he says, "one Kynaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life." So popular was the old bookseller's apprentice that ladies of fashion used to take him out in his stage costume after the play to ride about with them in their carriages. So says Colley Cibber, who also tells us how one afternoon when Charles the Second visited the Cockpit to see the then highly-popular *Maid's Tragedy* (Beaumont and Fletcher's), he found that the actors were not ready, and was told in excuse that the Queen (Kynaston) was being shaved. Whereat the merry monarch laughed most heartily. As famous as Kynaston was in female characters, Betterton was in male. We have it on record that his natural ruddy face would suddenly grow ghastly white with horror and amazement when he was playing *Hamlet* and first saw the ghost, so perfectly did he realise the scene and character. A younger actor, Booth, has recorded how, when he played with him long afterwards, personating the ghost in this same tragedy, Betterton's expression so overpowered him that he could not speak his lines. Wilks, another actor of later date, speaks of the awe he felt in the presence of Betterton, on another occasion, as being so great that he too lost for a time the power of utterance. Addison wrote that he had "hardly a notion that any performer of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton on any of the occasions in which he has appeared upon our stage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in the part of Othello, the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind upon the innocent answers Desdemona makes, betrayed in his gestures such a variety and vicissitude of passions as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart, and perfectly convince him that it is to stab it to admit that worst of daggers—

jealousy. Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene will see that he cannot (except he has as warm an imagination as Shakespeare himself) find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences. But a reader that has seen Betterton act it observes that there could not be a word added, that longer speeches had been unnatural—nay, impossible, in Othello's circumstances." Anthony Aston, the attorney who turned strolling actor in a company of three, says, he "was the Phoenix of the stage; the most extensive actor, from Alexander to Falstaff," adding, "If I was to write of him all day, I should still remember fresh matter in his behalf."

The words of Colley Cibber, describing Betterton's performance of *Hamlet*, should be in every actor's memory. He says: "You may have seen a *Hamlet*, perhaps, who on the first appearance of his father's spirit has thrown himself into all the straining vociferation requisite to express rage and fury, and the house has thundered applause, though the misguided actor all the while was tearing a passion into rags. The late Mr. Addison, whilst I sat by him to see the scene acted, made the same observation, asking me with some surprise if I thought *Hamlet* should be in so violent a passion with the ghost, which, though it might have astonished, had not provoked him. For you may observe in this beautiful speech the passion never rises beyond an almost breathless astonishment, or an impatience limited only by filial reverence to inquire into the suspected wrongs which may have raised him from his peaceful tomb, and a desire to know what a spirit so seemingly distressed might wish or enjoin a sorrowful son to execute towards his future quiet in the grave. This was the light into which Betterton threw this scene, which he opened with a pause of mute amazement, then, rising slowly to a solemn trembling voice, he made the ghost equally terrible to the spectators as to himself, and in the descriptive part of the natural emotions which the ghostly vision gave him, the boldness of his expostulation was still governed by decency merely, but not braving, his voice never rising into that seeming outrage or wild defiance of that which he naturally revered." Those who saw Betterton on the stage of the Cockpit had probably seen *Hamlet* played under Shakespeare's personal supervision, when Rhodes was prompter, at the Blackfriars Playhouse. Betterton acted in the Cockpit company between February, in the year 1659, and June, 1661. Off and on the stage Thomas Betterton was the scholar and the gentleman, exemplary in his conduct, true to the duties of life, a man who deserved well of king, country, and posterity. The story of Old Drury would be incomplete if it passed over slightly one who so glorified and exalted it.

While the Cockpit was flourishing in Drury Lane, the Red Bull Theatre was opened in St. John Street, and the Dorset Gardens Play-house in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, the former under Sir William Davenant, the latter at first under William Bastus, but afterwards Sir William Davenant.

In the year 1662 the poet laureate, Sir William, opened a grand new theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, on such a scale of magnificence and completeness as up to that time had been undreamt of. What it was, but on a larger scale, with increased costliness and a better illumination, the modern theatre now is. The scenes were painted by Streeter, the best artist available, and built up in imitation of those on the old Greek stage. Eminent composers were employed for the production of specially suitable music, and a company of actors was formed in which the whole of Master Rhodes' admirable Cockpit company became absorbed. The old playgoers did not take kindly to this blending of fine arts on the stage; they thought the play should stand and fall by its poet's words and its actor's lifelike realisation of their feelings and meanings. Betterton was severely blamed by these critics for going over to the new system of the Lincoln's-inn house, leaving the good old Cockpit Theatre with its "curtains of linsey-wolsey, or at best some piece of old tapestry filled with awkward figures such as were disagreeable to the audience,"* to neglect and disuse. Hart, Kynaston, and William Smith were the chief of those who deserted the Cockpit for the new Duke's Theatre, carrying with them "all the plays, books, cloaths and scenes in the King's Playhouse."†

The Cockpit being thus abandoned by the Rhodes company fell into fresh hands. In 1663 the king granted two separate patents to Sir William Davenant and Thomas Killegrew on the ground that his father of "glorious memory" had also granted such patents. One passage in the patents thus granted, premising that "divers companies having acted in London, Westminster, and the suburbs so without authority," proceeds:—

"We do hereby declare our dislike of the same, and will and grant that only the said company erected and set up, or to be erected and set up, by the said Sir William Davenant, his heirs and assigns, by virtue of these presents; and one other company erected and set up, or to be erected and set up, by Thomas Killegrew, Esq., his heirs or assigns, and none other, shall from henceforth act or represent comedies, tragedies, plays, or entertainments of the stage within our said cities of London, and Westminster or the suburbs thereof; which said company to be erected by the said Thomas Killegrew, his heirs or assigns, shall be subject to his or their government and authority, and shall be styled the company of us and of our royal consort."

Thus for the first time in history a real monopoly in the drama was created, for it does not appear that Charles the First ever regarded the play or any other form of public amusement as specially within the legitimate sphere of the Royal prerogative. The stage plays had gradually arisen out of religious festivities, as they did anciently in Greece, and this monopoly, for which the priests themselves had vainly striven, had no precedent beyond the Royal will. Be that, however, as it may, the dramatic commonwealth went the way of the political commonwealth, and the stage, henceforth the creature of the Court, was to be represented by two houses only—Sir William Davenant's and that which Killegrew proceeded to erect in the place of the old Phoenix and Cockpit. To the new theatre under its new conditions and prospects must be given a new chapter.

* The History of the English Stage. By Mr. Thomas Betterton. London, mdcclxi.

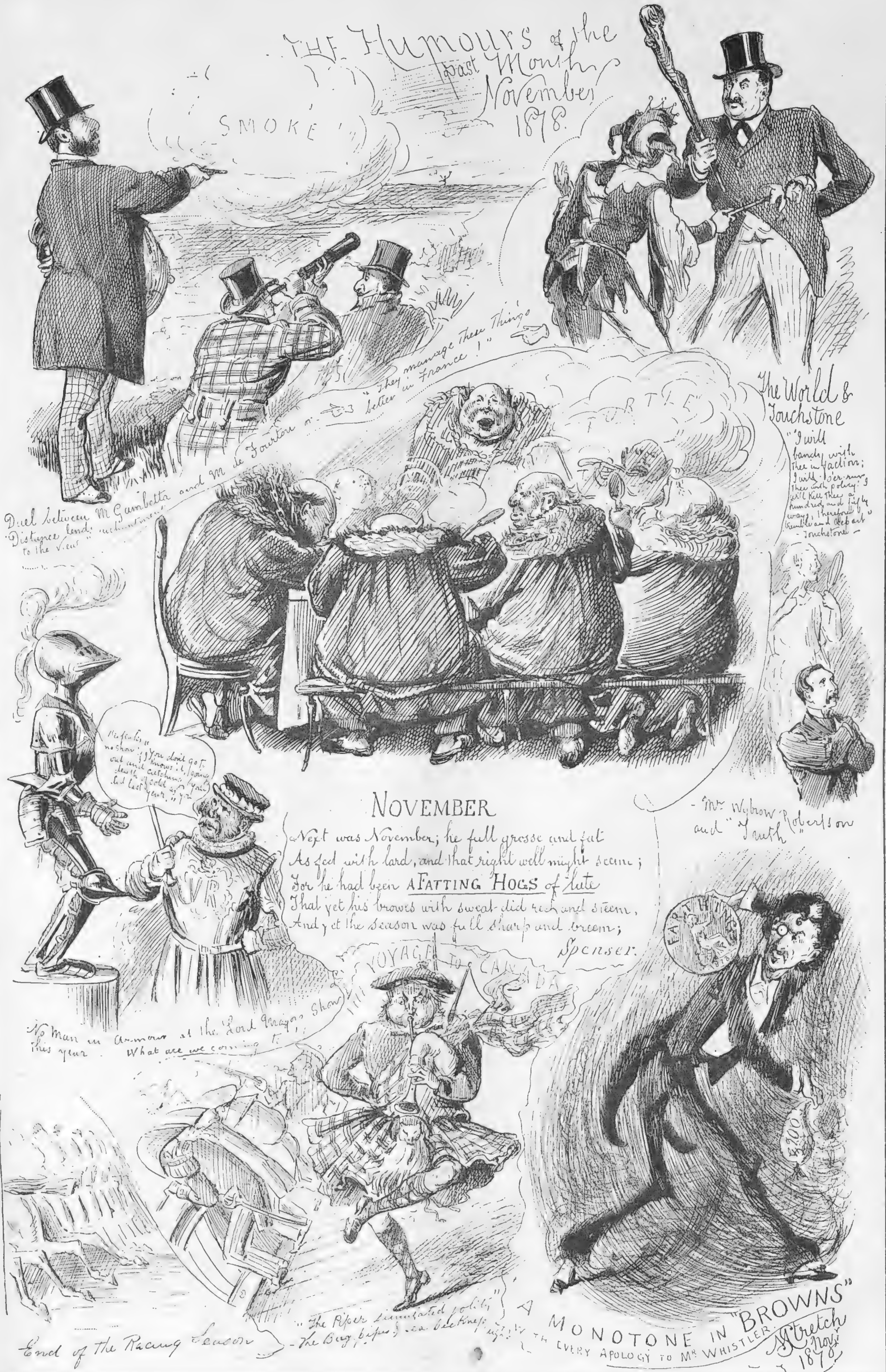
† Quoted from the Memorandum of Agreement, dated October 14th, 1661.

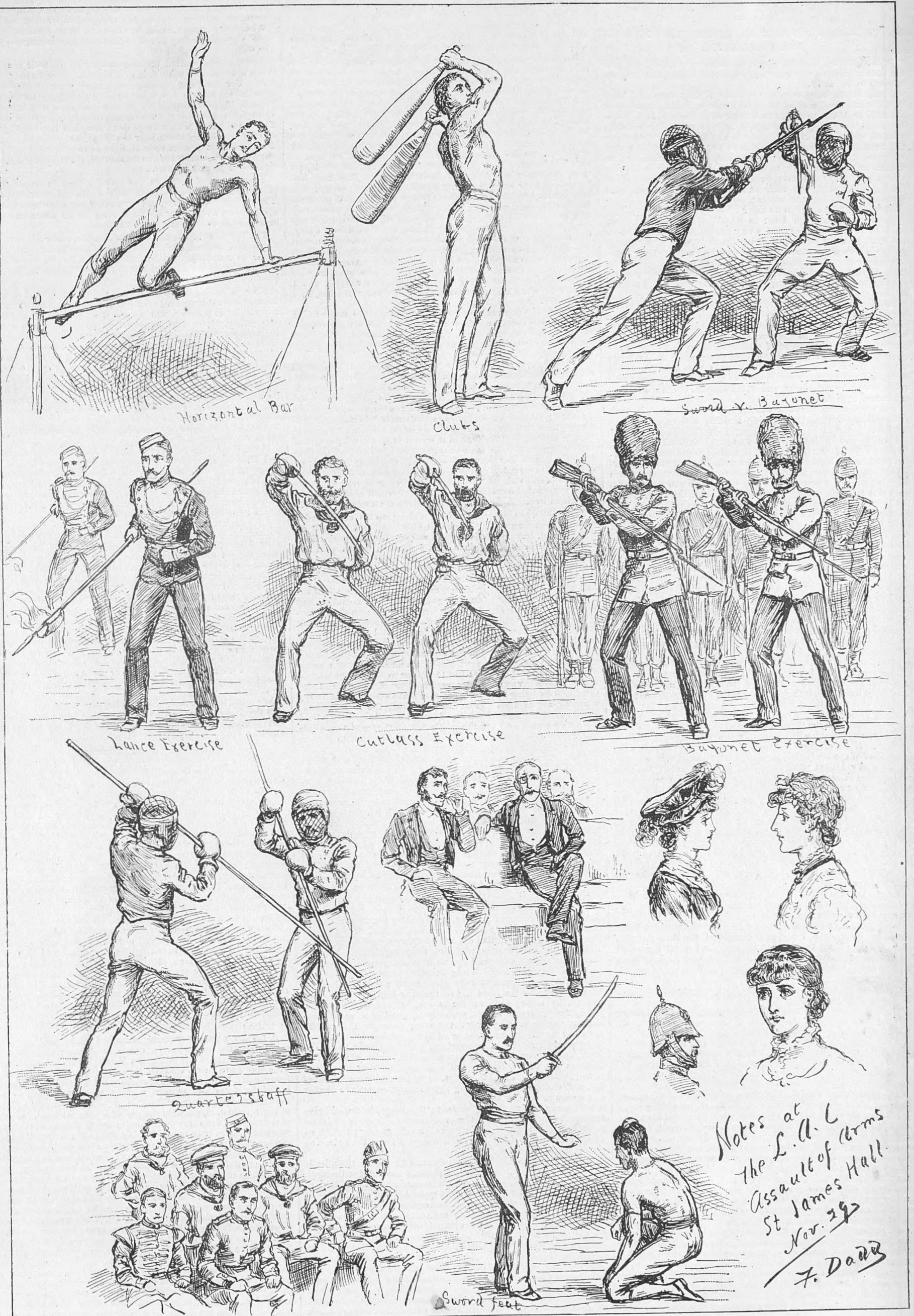
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THE HUMOURS of the
past Month
November
1878.





THE LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

HOW WILD-FOWL COME TO MARKET.

By "WILD FOWLER."

No. VII.—SNARING AND HOOKING SEA-FOWL ON THE CONTINENT.

It is somewhat puzzling at first for a stranger to make out how the poorer villagers who live on the coasts of France and Belgium manage to live at all.

True, they all have, somehow, a house of their own, and however low may be the standard of its comforts, it is a house after all, and, no doubt, to a poor man, a pleasant house withal. Moreover, with the cottages, generally (I might say almost invariably, without fear of contradiction), there is a little bit of garden, where the coastmen grow such vegetables as the poorness of the land will permit to reach maturity; but they have no trade, and no visible means of subsistence, so that, as I said when beginning this paper, really one may be excused for being astonished at finding them eking out their existence, year after year, with seemingly pretty fair contentment.

How do they manage to do this?

Such was the problem I set to myself when I first began my rambles on the Continent, and a very few weeks sufficed to show me that, to these sharp and clever (in their way) men, the sea and its *jetsam* and *flotsam*, together with its fishes and its birds, is the mainstay of existence. To them it offers a living, such as it is, precarious, and hard to get, but perhaps all the sweeter maybe for its inherent uncertainty, its difficulties, and its hardships.

As regards the *flotsam* and *jetsam*, the Crown claims, everywhere, with extreme punctiliousness, the right to everything that comes ashore of its own accord; but the Continental peasants elude this by wading to the pieces of wreckage, &c., and bringing them ashore in the dead of the night, as soon as the coastguards have turned their backs. And even when a wreck has actually come ashore, and the coastguards have set their hands on it, the peasants manage somehow to get a share thereof, and it takes a very honest, clever, and wideawake set of officers to prevent them from doing so.

But where these peasants excel above all things is in their extraordinary devices for securing sea-fish, and especially sea-fowl.

Now, when a British shoreman does turn his attention to fishing he does it wholesale, and must make a not inconsiderable outlay. He must have a boat, he must have a net. The Continental shoreman, being unable to afford such an expense, is content with bits of string and a few pennyworth of hooks; and he so manages his lines and his baits, in accordance with the tides, the wind, and the fish in season, and he has such a knack of setting his hooks, that he is tolerably sure of a good haul at the next ebb-tide. Similarly, when the British coast man turns wild-fowl shooter, he goes into it on a large scale—he rigs out a punt, or starts a shooting-smack with some friends. Failing these, he buys a large bore muzzle-loading gun, and stalks the fowl, or goes "flighting." It is only in select spots, where old fennemen have preserved their traditions, that a few nets are still being set up for wild fowl or sea-fowl. All that is done now, as a general rule, by the average English professional wild-fowler is done with the gun. He has not the patience to set snares, even if he knew how to set them; but the knowledge and practice thereof has died out here. Hence, he can do nothing, either in the fishing or the shooting line, without a pretty large investment in either nets, guns, or boats and ammunition.

Now this is all very well for those who can afford it, but there is no doubt that the investment of a comparatively good round sum in such implements would break the foreign coast men's purses and hearts. If they had the money they would not part with it. Some of them have guns, but these are either army muskets, to be had for the picking up in war-time, or when there is a "row" between the Governments and their undutiful subjects; or else small-bore fowling-pieces, without range and without strength. None of these instruments can "tell" much on the tough fowl of the sea (although the old army muskets, when used, are hopelessly loaded with a handful of small bullets), and the consequence thereof is that when the men wish to secure sea-fowl they must needs resort to some other means, and that is precisely where they do show their marvellous patience and cunning ingenuity. Nothing escapes the Continental snarer. Hidden, at daybreak, in the downs or among the cliffs, for days and weeks if necessary, he watches the shore, and when the birds begin to appear he knows that the "passage" is near at hand, and he forthwith prepares his nooses and his hooks, according to the season.

"What!" some reader will exclaim, "hooks!—hooks for birds? Impossible."

But no, kind reader, it is not impossible. I have seen it done, and these hooks, well prepared, are most certain of action, and consequently very destructive.

But first let me treat of the nooses. The first time that I saw nooses set for sea-birds I was on the sands of the Belgian coast. I was shooting along the shore at the time, and when I reached the breakers at a certain village, a middle-aged peasant came down to me in hot haste from the downs, and besought me not to fire for a while.

"Why not?" I asked, rather curtly (no sportsman likes to have his sport curtailed in any way).

"Well," he said, "of course, I cannot prevent you from doing so if you choose to, but the fact is, I have some snares set up yonder, and a lot of birds are, I believe, likely to be caught."

"Oh! snares, eh?" queried I, musingly; "snares for sea-birds. I am curious to see them, and if you will promise to show them to me, I certainly shall not fire or interfere with their working."

"Très bien," said he, highly pleased. "Come along with me, then."

And, saying these words, he led the way into the downs, where, being out of the sight of any birds on the shore, we walked on at a good pace for about half-a-mile, when my man placed his finger on his lips to inform me that silence was to be observed, and he then crept forward across the sand hills towards the sea. When he reached the last hill he went up about half-way, then chose a clump of coarse grass which was growing on the top, and, hiding his face behind it, he looked through it in silence for a second or two. Then, beckoning me to come forward, I went up, and, lying down by his side, I also scanned the shore, and a strange sight met my gaze. The tide, I should premise, was rising fast, and had about an hour more to rise in order to reach high-water mark, so that whatever birds were at the time on the shore feeding were slowly, but surely, driven by the flood tide towards the downs. Now there were about two hundred birds of various kinds about, within two hundred yards or so from our place of concealment—curlews, oyster catchers, ring dotterels, oxbirds, sandpipers, and a few shanks. These birds were all strutting about, feeding, running hither and thither, in and out of the shallow water, over the sands, spreading their wings, and "calling" occasionally; altogether they formed as pretty a picture as any man could wish to see.

"Well," I whispered into the man's ear, "but where are your nooses?"

"Oh," he said, "you cannot see them from here, but I can, because I know where I have placed them. However, you see those dry tongues of sand yonder, against the downs, almost now surrounded by the brine?"

"I do."

"Well, in a moment more, the birds will all be driven there, and that is where my nooses are set. Now, you look," he added, with eagerness, "look, they are getting near them!"

And as he spoke, lying there at full length in the grass, he literally devoured the scene before him. As for me, I looked on with all my eyes. There were, on the outskirts of the little flock, three curlews, feeding higher up than the rest, and presently I saw one of these suddenly throw up his head and open his beak, and, simultaneously, I heard him crying out most lustily. At the same time he backed with a jerk, spreading his wings violently; but he was irresistibly held somehow, for he fell on his breast, got up again in a twinkling, and wriggled his body with extraordinary vigour, all the time shouting "Millions of murders," as loud as he could shout. Now, at his first cry of distress the whole, till then, unsuspecting flock had been so startled that they had jumped on their wings, and they all seemed inclined to go; but, whether for sympathy or whether through anger against whatever was hurting their comrade, I am unable to say. Anyhow, certain it is, that instead of going their way, all the curlews, at any rate, and some of the smaller waders, came back half flying, half running, and crowded round their yelling companion, who was all the time struggling most desperately, flooring himself on his back, on his sides, and on his breast, twenty times in a second almost, in his frantic efforts to get loose. In a moment four more birds joined his outcry—for they, too, were caught; and I have never heard such a "squalling," either before or since, as I heard then.

"Some of them will get loose by breaking the nooses if I don't release them," quoth the man, "for they are all on the same string, I can see, and it will certainly give way under their united efforts, so I had better run and secure those that are caught, or I may lose all."

So saying, he tumbled down the sand hills, and I followed suit, but he was tearing along like a madman, and it was quite funny to see him kick away his wooden shoes, which impeded his speedy progress. Of course, as soon as he appeared on the bare sands, those of the birds that were still free bolted instantly; but as I knew that when the snarer would handle the caught birds the free ones might come back, I cocked both hammers of my double 10-bore, and it was fortunate I had thought of that, for no sooner did the man appear near the line than the five-noosed curlews jumped up with a will, screaming "curr-lew! curr-lew!" in such a terrified and lamentable tone that their comrades forthwith turned back again, wheeled our way, and when they passed overhead I gave them the benefit of both barrels, and killed two. After that the rest made themselves "scarce."

Meanwhile, the peasant was busy picking up his catch, and I watched him curiously. The birds struck at him furiously on being seized, but their bills are too soft to hurt anyone. Still, they tried their best to pinch him, I daresay, but he paid but little heed to their attacks, and, removing them one by one, he twisted their necks expeditiously and threw them on the sands, dead or dying. However, when he had settled three in that style, and whilst he was freeing the fourth, previous to giving him the *coup de grâce*, the fifth somehow got free, and it was lucky I had reloaded and was ready, for had it been otherwise we should certainly have lost him, as he opened his powerful pinions without loss of time, said "curr-lew!" with a thankful intonation, and was going with a noose hanging from one of his legs; but I was on him in a moment, and in the very midst of "curr" (the "lew" never came) the cartridge cut him down handsomely at a range of some fifty yards or so. I had then time to look at the nooses. Imagine several very long lines, pretty tightly stretched in sundry directions by being run from a series of small stakes thrust in the sands zig-zag fashion. From the lines hung the nooses, made merely of string and horsehair. It must have been pretty hard work to prepare and set the whole lot. Of course the whole family—man, wife, and three or four children—had had to work at it, and truly this was a game of chance and patience with a vengeance, especially when one takes into consideration that the settling of the birds at all in the direct neighbourhood of the snares was almost a speculation. Of course the man, who lived close by, watches for the most suitable spots, and he chooses those where he notices that the companies love most to settle for feeding. But even with that knowledge, and even with ten lines spread, end on to each other, and covering perhaps a hundred yards of the shore, it must be always doubtful whether or not they will meet with success. He takes his chance of that, of course, but I strongly suspected at the time that some bait of some sort (such as sea-lugs, &c.) had been used in conjunction with the lines, but the man said no; perhaps he did not care about telling me. One can rarely get at the bottom of such things with these men.

However, from what I had just seen, I concluded then and there that the snaring of sea-fowl must have been a paying concern during the time of passage, at any rate, but the man soon convinced me that my surmises were not correct. First of all, the plan can only be carried out at high tide; secondly, the "passage" must be abundant; thirdly, the wind must be dead on shore or nearly so, otherwise the birds would detect the snarer's presence; fourthly, the high tide must take place not sooner than midday, or thereabouts, as to give the man time to place his lines and stretch the nooses, and then the birds do not always choose the same part of the shore, although they have, undoubtedly, favourite spots, probably on account of some peculiarly attractive morsels being found there naturally, if not artificially, by them. However, from all this it will be seen that there is a good deal of trouble, uncertainty, and speculation about the affair, and it would certainly pay none but men to whom a few shillings are very welcome, and who have nothing better and more profitable to attend to. It is, however, a trick worth knowing, as it undoubtedly must bring a good many sea birds to market one season or another.

Strange to say, no decoys are used; the decoy birds would give too much trouble to keep, the man averred. This is probably right, but no doubt a few "dummies" would answer; I think so at any rate, and as dummies cost nothing to keep, I wonder the plan is not resorted to.

Now I come to the hooking process. In winter time, be it known, the coasts of Belgium and Holland are lined with black ducks, widgeon, teal, ducks, geese, and swans in hard times, besides which myriads of seagulls turn up in quest of food.

Now for black ducks, which are especially caught near the breakers, where they come to feed on the mussels, the hooks are attached to very long lines baited with mussel or lugs, and the baited hooks are slightly buried in the sand at low tide, near the water's edge. When the tide advances the ducks come along with it in search of food. The black customers dive, find the tempting bait, swallow it, and are then pulled ashore.

I have had scores of birds thus caught offered me even as near Ostend as Mariakerke (only a mile or so from the town); and the process, to this very day, is being carried out in winter time. Of course it will sometimes occur that other birds besides black ducks are thus caught, but generally the latter are the staple game thus secured, simply because they are very forward, and come up greedily towards shore with the tide, so as to seek for food,

although, be it borne in mind, they never come nearer than two hundred yards from *terra firma*, being firmly impressed, no doubt, with the absolute desirability of keeping their precious little selves out of harm's way. Of course, in this, they only fear sportsmen with duck-guns, and they reckon without the baited hooks, which secure them, however, far more effectively than a dose of shot, for they are remarkably tough customers—(this by the way).

Now, sinking baited hooks answers two ends—it may either catch a flounder or other fish, or a *macreuse*, if crabs don't eat the bait. For sea-gulls, however, and those other birds which fly over the sea but do not make a practice of diving for their food, another dodge is resorted to. Three hooks are tied together so as to form something uncommonly like a triangle snap-hook. These are baited with a large dead fish, and left about promiscuously on a lonely shore near the brine, but tied to a long line. The gulls soon pounce upon it, fight as to who shall get it, and one of them is almost sure to be secured, if the hooker allows him time to gorge well his bait.

That is one plan, but it can only be done in out-of-the-way places, where no one is likely to be about and disturb the spot. The next plan, however, can be carried out anywhere whenever sea-gulls are about; but the wind must be off shore, and pretty strong, so as to blow the bait out to sea.

The bait is artificial, and is made of a piece of cork cut coffin-shape, and covered over with a piece of parchment (the latter as white as possible), and the end opposite to the one where the line is tied is supplied with two square-bodied hooks, whose points are turned downwards.

Now supposing the wind is all right, and several gulls are about, the hooker comes to the brink of the sea, throws the bait away as far as possible, and allows it to drift as far as the line will go; or, better still, he lets it lie at low tide, and waits for high tide for success. Whichever way it is done, as soon as the birds will spy the bait on the sea, they will take it for a dead fish, and forthwith will pounce upon it. If one does not manage to swallow it another one will, thinking that by accident his *confrère* has dropped the choice morsel. No sooner has he gobbled it up, than the string is jerked sharply by the hidden hooker, and the bird is brought, though flying strenuously the other way, to the shore, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary. Once there, of course, his fate is sealed.

The birds are eaten by the natives, and their down and feathers are profitably disposed of.

Now, if the hookers were always careful to see that their lines and hooks were secure, it would only be half bad to see birds caught in that way, but they don't. I, when shooting along the Belgian coast, have repeatedly found half-dead birds on the sands with the fatal hooks stuck in their mandibles, and a more or less lengthy and rotten piece of string dragging about. Now, this is "cruelty to animals" with a vengeance.

I have in my possession now two specimens of these different hooking affairs taken by myself from live birds. One of the birds I found dying on the sands, with the hook in his beak, and the string caught around one of his wings. The other hook affair I took out of the beak of a large black-backed gull I shot near Ostend. I saw the bird coming along with something sticking out of his bill, and out of curiosity, I shot it to see what it was, with the result that I found the hook firmly fixed in his beak. I shot afterwards several more birds in similar circumstances, from whence I conclude that hooking must be pretty extensively carried on along the coast. Certainly many of the birds which are sent to the markets are thus caught, and I think it interesting to narrate how the affair is conducted, as it is one of the most successful dodges to which the capture of sea-fowl has given rise to. As a trick, the thing is worth knowing, but as a sportsman I need not say that I do not look upon it with any favour; very far from it.

We must, however, take facts as they stand, and I have chronicled the deeds as being of some interest to those to whom the various modes adopted for the capture of birds is welcome information.

IN the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice, Lord Chief Baron Kelly and Baron Cleasby, sitting in banco at Westminster, had before them recently the case of *Blakeley v. Baker and Firkbank*, an action which was brought to recover a sum of £50 as damages for the loss of a horse, which was killed through the alleged negligence of the defendants, and which came up in form of an appeal from the County Court of Yorkshire, held at Dewsbury, when a verdict was given for the plaintiff. Mr. Forbes appeared as counsel for the plaintiff, in support of that decision; whilst Mr. Cave, Q.C., and Mr. Bigham were for the defendants, the appellants. The defendants had been engaged to construct a branch line belonging to the Great Northern Railway, and running through a portion of Dewsbury, and had made an excavation near the public highway, at the distance of some 14 feet, with a strong fence between. While two of the plaintiff's horses and carts were proceeding along the road the first horse stumbled and fell, the end of the cart jerking up and hitting in the mouth the other horse, which backed against and broke through the fence, falling into the excavation and being killed. The case raised a question as to the strength of the fence, and as to the liability in such a state of things to maintain a fence sufficient to withstand any such accidental violence as was applied to the fence in question. Having heard counsel, the court gave judgment for the defendants, declining to give the plaintiff leave to appeal.

A LIVELY controversy arose recently in Liverpool as to the propriety of the exhibition in that city of the picture by M. Tadema, entitled "The Sculptor's Model," and the artist having been applied to for his views on the subject has sent the following letter to Mr. Caine, which was read the other evening at a meeting of the Notes and Queries Society, where the question had been under discussion:—"My dear Sir,—In answer to your letter of the 14th inst. I willingly comply with your wish to give a few of my ideas on the study of the nude; but I must confess that so much of late has been brought before the public about it that I can scarcely pretend to advance any new ideas on the subject. It is an accepted fact that the Grecian civilisation has produced the most beautiful and unrivalled specimens of art ever known. It is known also that no people studied the nude so extensively as the Greeks, and therefore I must be allowed to say that the study of the infinite beauty of the human form may be accepted as one of the principal reasons of their arriving at such a height of perfection. Taking, for instance, their industrial art, their unequalled vases most decidedly bear in their outlines and ornamentation the stamp of that study. In how far the study of the nude might influence morality is a question on which a moralist might perhaps dwell, but which lies beyond my reach. I, for myself, do not believe that any moralist would allow himself to assert that an artist is less moral than other men. Has it ever been proved that the study of the human body makes the medical man immoral? Why, then, should it be supposed to affect the artist differently, who only studies the beauty of it, and who always finds reality so far beneath his? May I conclude with the well-known motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Believe me, my dear sir, your obedient servant, L. ALMA TADEMA."

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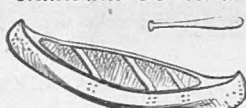
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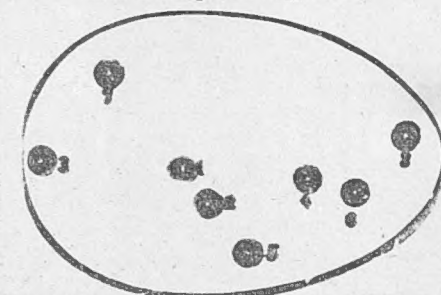
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WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

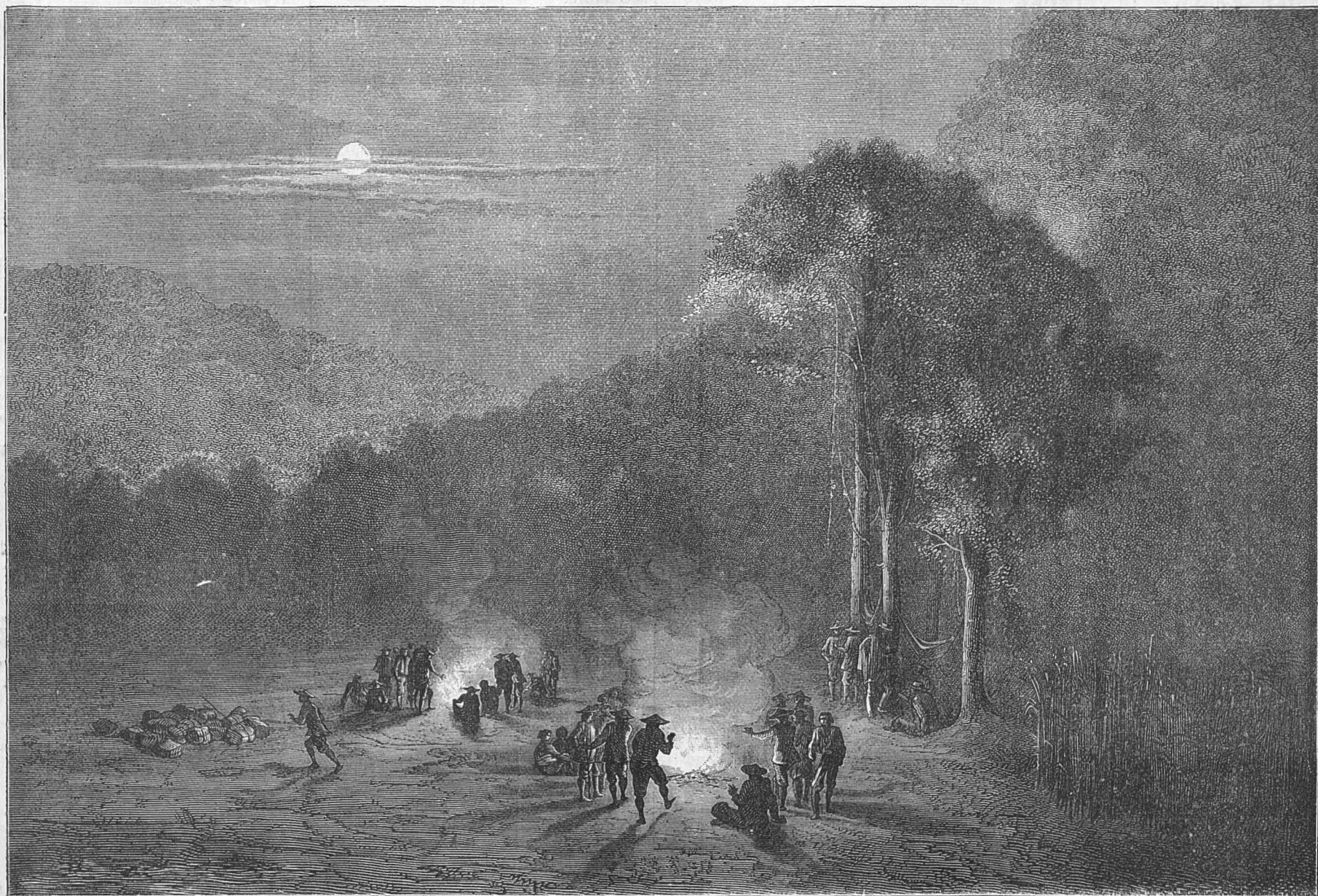
CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond-street, W.—The Christmas Number of Messrs. Chappell's *Musical Magazine* has just been published, and as usual is devoted to dance music, of which it contains a liberal supply—no less than nine pieces in all. No. 1 is the "Congress Lancers," by C. D'Albert. Each tune of this set bears the name of one or other of the famous diplomatists who met at the Berlin Congress, and the piano-forte arrangements are capital for dancing purposes. No. 2, by the same composer, is "The Distant Shore Waltz," containing three flowing melodies and an effective finale. No. 3, the "Au Revoir Waltz," by E. Waldteufel, is worthy the name of this popular composer; it comprises five charming waltzes and a coda of considerable length. No. 4, "The Sylvia Waltz," is from the facile pen of Mr. Fred Godfrey, and contains four very pretty waltzes and a capital coda. No. 5, by C. D'Albert, is the "Cleopatra Galop," sparkling and inspiring. No. 6, the "Saucy Kate Galop," by A. G. Crowe, band-master of the 14th Hussars, is also lively and effective. No. 7, the "Tout à Fait Polka," by H. Louis, is not only tuneful, but contains some ingeniously constructed passages. No. 8, the "Sweethearts Lancers," by C. D'Albert, is an attractive collection of popular melodies, cleverly adapted to ball-room purposes; No. 9, which completes the work, is the "Trial by Jury Quadrille," built on themes from Mr. Arthur Sullivan's popular operetta. The magazine contains forty-eight pages of new music, clearly printed on good paper. The price of it would, under ordinary circumstances, be about thirty shillings; yet it is published at one shilling! It is a miracle in the way of cheapness, and there will probably be few possessors of a pianoforte who will fail to secure this Christmas Number of Messrs. Chappell's *Musical Magazine*.

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co., 1, Berners-street, W.—"Songs



A GOOD JUDGE.

for Sailors," written by W. C. Bennett, composed by J. L. Hatton, dedicated by special permission to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, whose portrait appears on the first page. The names of the co-labourers by whom this important collection of sea-songs has been written and composed have long been honourably known to the British public. Dr. W. C. Bennett has won distinction as a writer of graceful lyrics, breathing pure and elevated sentiments, and Mr. J. L. Hatton's name stands in the very highest rank among our composers of ballads, glees, part songs, &c. These gentlemen have produced a really important work, containing no less than forty original songs, all on maritime subjects, and mostly of a strongly marked patriotic character. Among the latter will be found separate lyrics in honour of Nelson, Collingwood, Rodney, Duncan, and other naval heroes, and stirring narratives of our most celebrated sea-fights and victories. There are also songs for fishermen and their wives, and tales of lovers parted awhile by the ocean; in fact, there is scarcely any aspect of the subject which has not been treated of in this collection of sea-songs. To criticise in detail so copious a list of compositions would occupy more space than we could spare, and to select particular songs for praise might erroneously appear to imply demerit in the remainder. We shall content ourselves with saying that Dr. W. C. Bennett's lyrics breathe a manly, hearty spirit, in which there are many traces of tenderness and pathos, and will add considerably to his reputation; while Mr. J. L. Hatton's fertile vein of melody has been happily developed in the tunes which he has invented. These "Songs for Sailors" are just what they purport to be. The verses are free from affectation, the melodies are simple though effective, and there are many of the songs which merit widespread popularity, and are not unlikely to attain it. The volume is printed in full-sized type, on fine paper, in Messrs. Novello's best style, and will form a valuable addition to every library, both ashore and afloat.



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